EVAN DORKIN

ROGER LANGRIDGE

BILL & TED

ARE DOOMED

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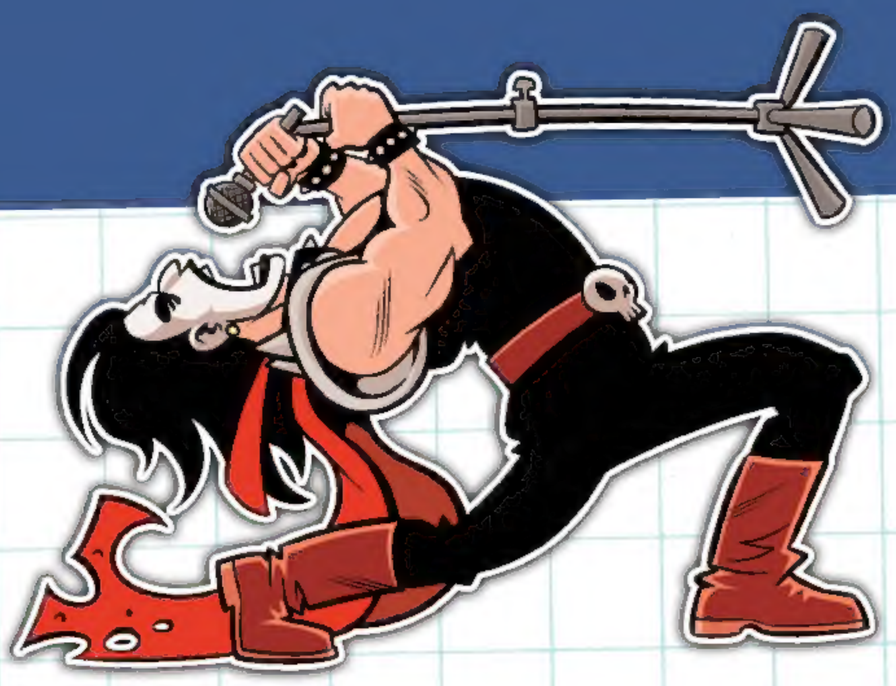

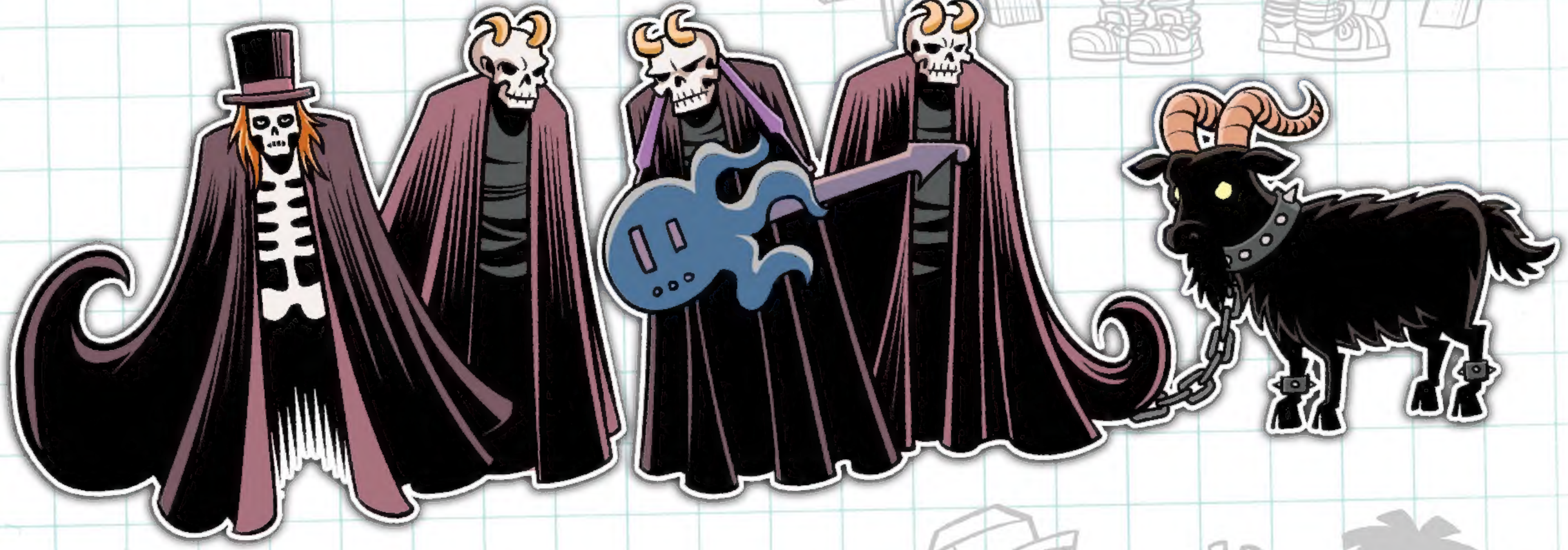

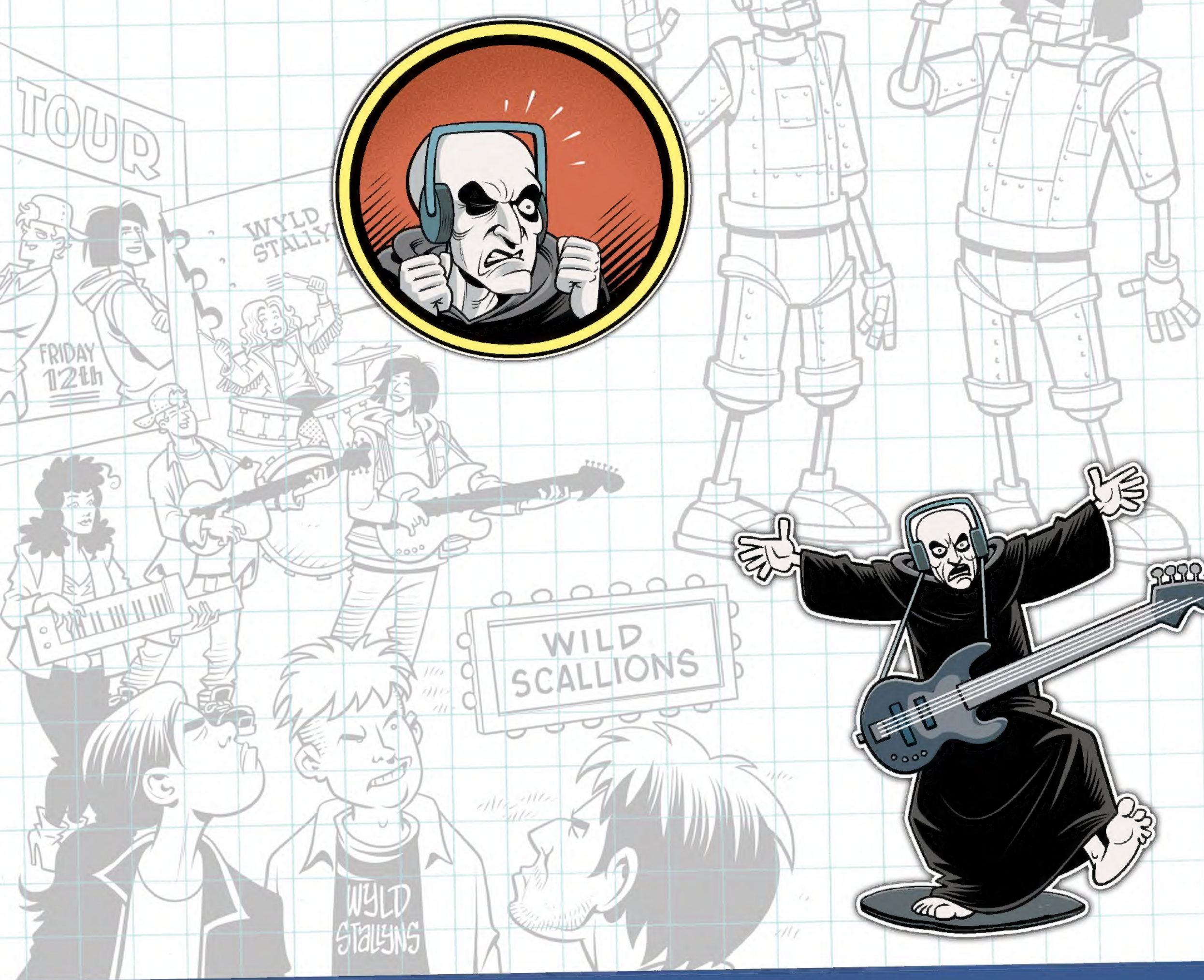
TOUR
FRIDAY 12th
WYLD STALLYNS
WILD SCALLIONS
WYLD STALLYNS

BILL & TED ARE DOOMED

SCRIPT
EVAN DORKIN

ART AND LETTERS
ROGER LANGRIDGE

CONSULTATION
ED SOLOMON

COVER AND CHAPTER BREAKS BY
EVAN DORKIN WITH SARAH DYER

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PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER
MIKE RICHARDSON

EDITOR
DANIEL CHABON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
CHUCK HOWITT

DESIGNER
BRENNAN THOME

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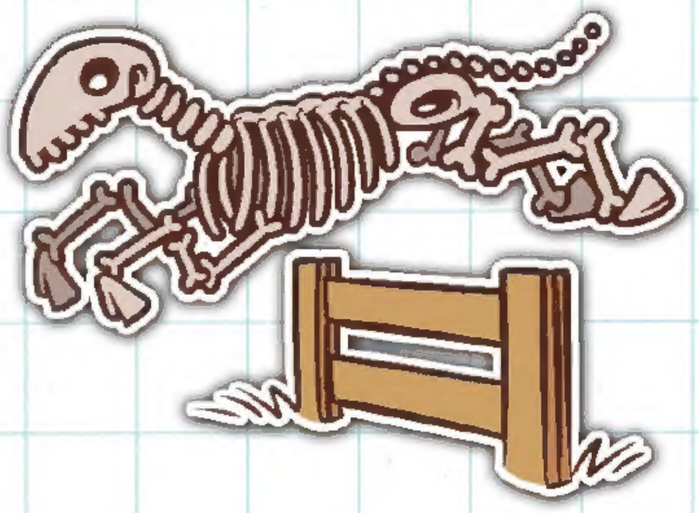

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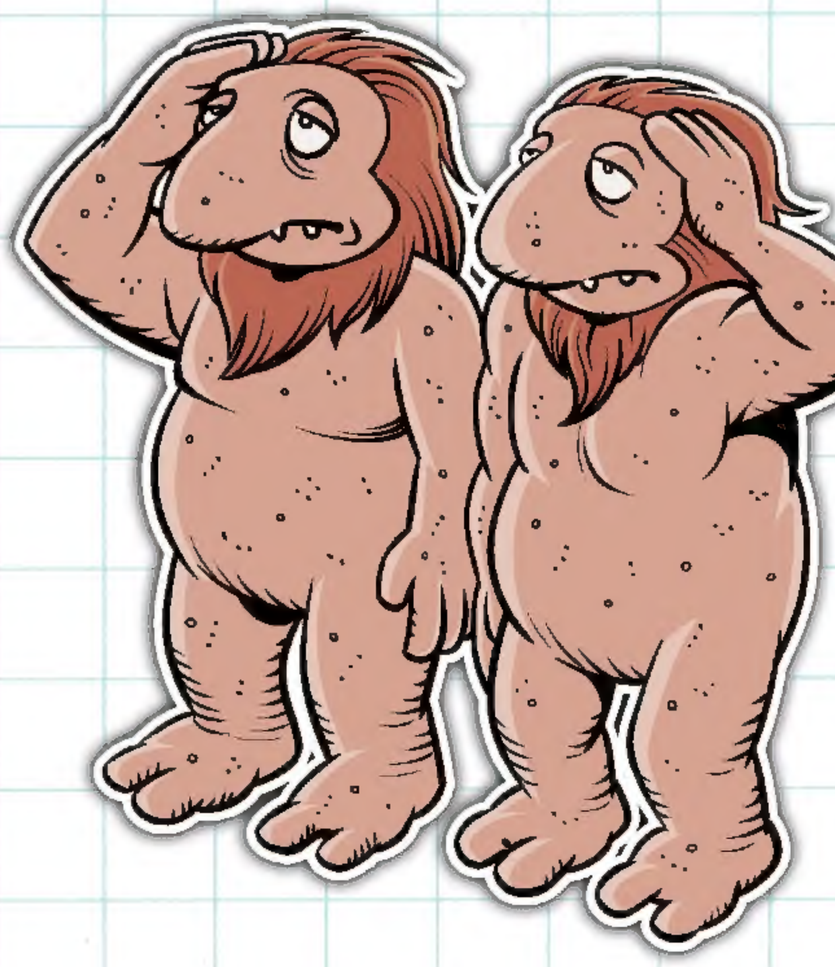

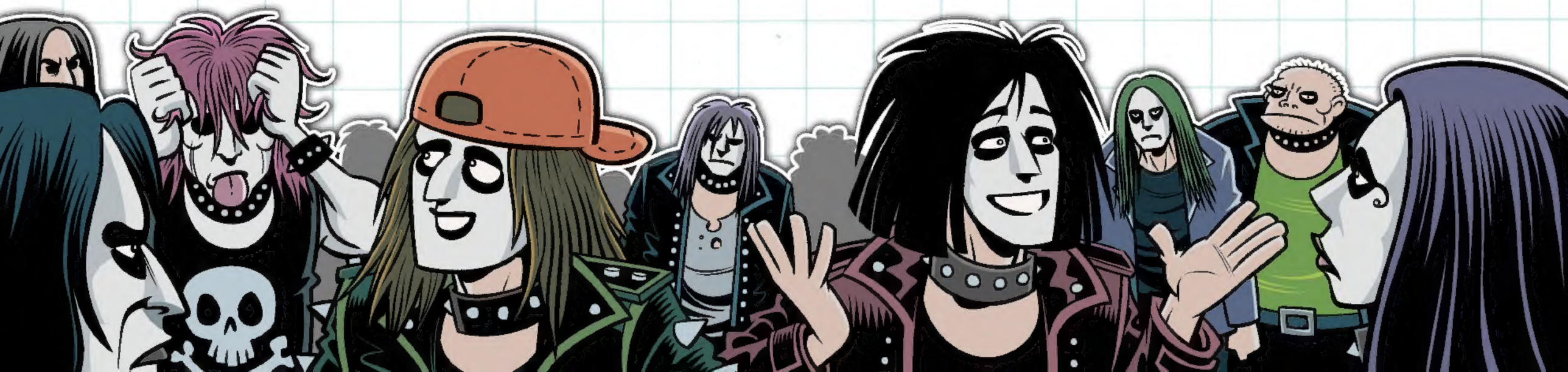

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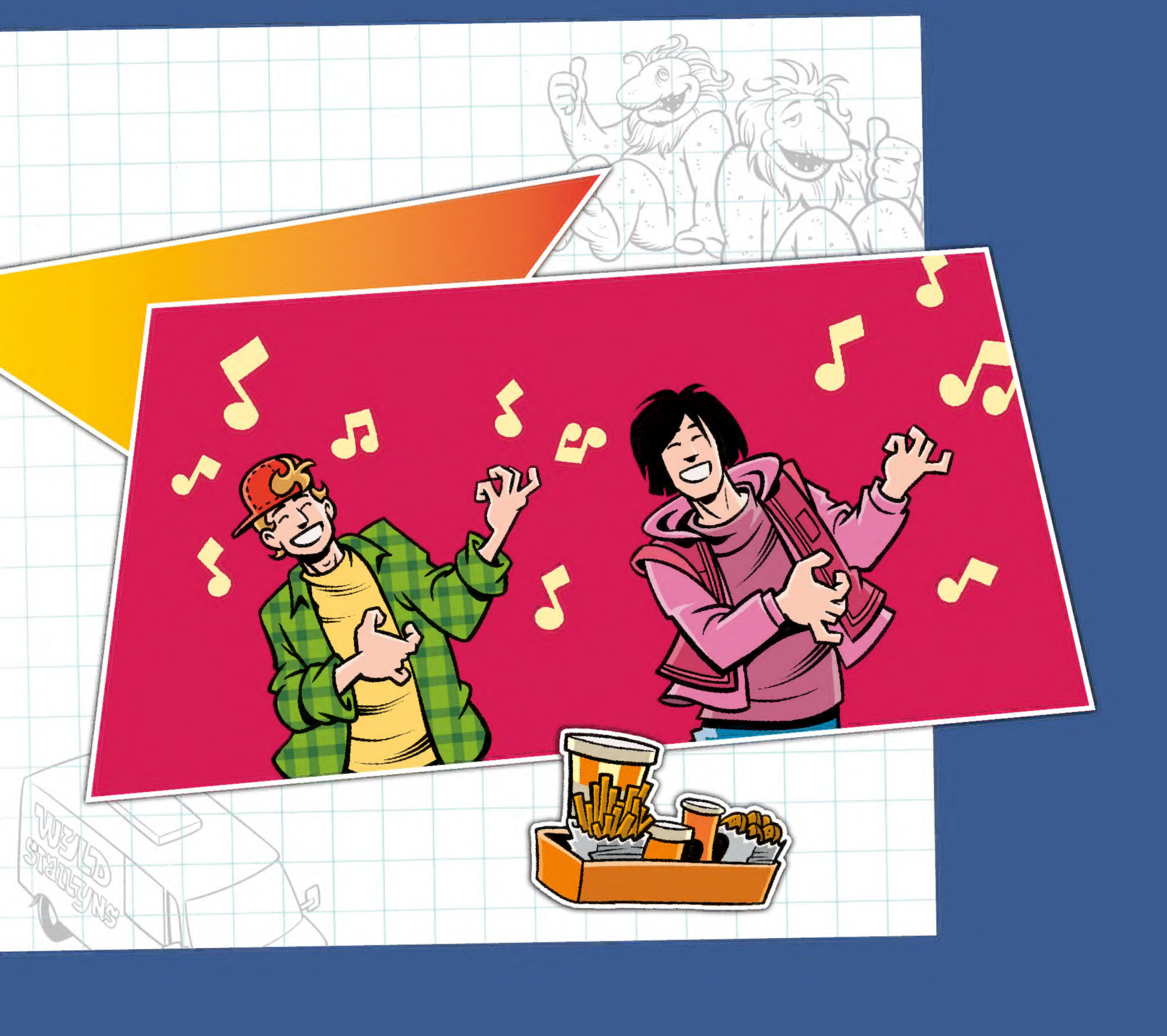


2700 A.D.
THE FUTURE.

AT LEAST, FOR THE TIME BEING.

PARTY ON DUDES
BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER
STATION

HE'S LATE.

JUST GIVE HIM A SECOND. HE'LL BE HERE.

VIZZZWOOM

PHONE

GREETINGS, MOST IMPORTANT ONES. I GOT YOUR MESSAGE THAT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME.

GREETINGS, RUFUS. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I ONLY WISH THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE MORE RESPLENDENT.

PHONE

WHOA. TENSE MOOD. WHAT'S UP?

TIME, PERHAPS. THERE'S BEEN SOME OMINOUS NEWS FROM THE PAST.

ABOUT... THEM?

YES.

WILLIAM S. PRESTON AND TED "THEODORE" LOGAN. OTHERWISE KNOWN AS BILL AND TED, THE REVERED ONES WHOSE MUSIC UNITED THE WORLD AND CREATED OUR CURRENT UTOPIA.

REMEMBER... BACK IN 1989, THEIR DESTINY WAS IN DOUBT. BUT WITH YOUR HELP, AND THE USE OF THE TIME BOOTH, THEY MANAGED TO PASS HISTORY CLASS AND KEEP THE BAND TOGETHER.

AH, YES. A MOST EXCELLENT ADVENTURE.

THEN, IN 1991, THEY DEFEATED THE EVIL PLANS OF YOUR FORMER TEACHER CHUCK DENOMOLOS TO WIN A PIVOTAL BATTLE OF THE BANDS.

THEY EVEN DIED, TWICE. TRULY A BOGUS JOURNEY.

BUT ISN'T ALL WELL THAT ENDED WELL? I THOUGHT THE PAST WAS SETTLED -- AND THE FUTURE WAS CERTAIN!

THAT'S WHAT WE ALL THOUGHT. BUT AS YOU WELL KNOW, RUFUS --

-- TIME HAS A TENDENCY TO SLIP AWAY FROM US.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PIN-POINT A *SPECIFIC* EVENT THAT'S CAUSING THESE NEW FLUCTUATIONS IN THE TIMESTREAM.

NO WAY

YES WAY

IT'S NOT SOMETHING LIKE A *FAILED HISTORY TEST* OR *MURDER BY EVIL ROBOTS.*

THAT'S WHY WE'RE UPGRADING OUR *VITAL-PHONE RECORDING SYSTEM* TO ONE WHICH WILL INCLUDE ALL TIME AND SPACE PROBABILITIES. BEHOLD --

-- THE LITTLE TURNTABLE.

WHOA. A MOST IMPRESSIVE MACHINE, PROFESSOR QUAVERMASS.

TIME IS OF THE ESSEN

THINK QUICK

Remember BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER

SOON WE SHOULD HAVE A BETTER IDEA OF HOW *BIG* THE PROBLEM IS. IT COULD BE A CHRONOLOGICAL *SEA-CHANGE.* OR A *MINOR BUMP* THAT ALREADY RESOLVED ITSELF.

HISTORY CAN STILL BE A MYSTERY.

EXACTLY.

RIGHT NOW, THE LEADING THEORY IS THAT IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH *THE SONG.*

THE ONE SONG? THE SONG THAT *UNITES THE WORLD?*

THE WORLD, PERHAPS *ALL REALITY* AS WE KNOW IT.

DON'T WORRY. I HAVE FAITH IN THEM. THEY'LL WRITE THE SONG THAT MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD SING. A SONG OF *LOVE AND SPECIAL THINGS.*

THEY ARE *BILL AND TED.* AND *THEY'LL* WRITE THE SONG.

Remem BE EXC TO

SAN DIMAS, CALIFORNIA. 2000.

AAAAAARGH!!!

TED, WE *TOTALLY CAN NOT WRITE THIS SONG!*

I KNOW, BILL. IT SEEMS TO BE A MOST *HOPELESS* MUSICAL ENDEAVOR.

METAL

We only have the thing that is a thing we have to have to do a thing we need to ~~do~~ have

I dunno do

THIS IS A SONG FOR ALL THE EXCELLENT ONES WITH THEIR TOTALLY ~~AWESOME~~ NON-BOGUS

~~HAIR~~

~~FEET~~

~~HAIRY FEET~~

SERIOUSLY. NONE OF THESE LYRICS ARE WORTH THE PAPER WE WROTE THEM ON.

YAH. AND WE PURCHASED THESE VOLUMINOUS PADS AT THE *DOLLAR STORE.* THIS IS *TRULY DISTRESSING.*

RIIIP

FRIIIP

IT'S BEEN *YEARS,* TED. THAT'S LIKE, *UNTOLD DUDE-HOURS* OF WORK. AND WE DON'T HAVE *ANYTHING* TO SHOW FOR IT.

I KNOW. I MEAN, CRUNCHING UP THESE BIG PAPER BALLS IS *FUN* AND ALL, BUT THE THRILL *DOES* LESSEN AFTER A WHILE.

CRUMPLE CRUMPLE CRUNCH

I'M *WORRIED,* TED. I'M STARTING TO FEEL LIKE WE'LL *NEVER* GET THIS SONG WRITTEN.

THIS MUST BE HOW THAT *UNFINISHED MELODY* DUDE FELT.

YAH. EXCEPT *OUR* UNFINISHED MELODY'S SUPPOSED TO *SAVE THE WORLD.*

THAKK THAKK

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? WE HEARD *SHOUTING.*

OH. PARDON OUR ARTISTIC TEMPERMENTAL TANTRUM, JOANNA. YOU, *TOO,* THEA. BUT WE'RE FEELING DULY *FRUSTRATED.*

BACKW
GARY

IT'S LIKE BILL SAID. LIFE IS *AGAINST* US, ELIZABETH. WHICH IS, LIKE, A *LOT* TO DEAL WITH.

SONG NOT GOING SO WELL, DAD?

NOT EXACTLY, BILLIE. IT'S STILL MISSING A FEW *TUNEFUL NECESSITIES.*

LIKE THE *LYRICS.*

AND THE *CHORUS.*

AND A *HOOK.*

AS WELL AS SOME *OTHER* THINGS.

LIKE A *NAME.*

AND WHAT IT'S BASICALLY *ABOUT.*

BUT WE *KNOW* WE'RE GONNA HAVE *GUITARS!*

YAH! *LOUD* GUITARS! *MOST NOISOME!*

EXCELLENT!

WELL, SEEING HOW YOU TWO HAVE BEEN IN HERE FOR *TWO DAYS STRAIGHT* NOW, I THINK SOME FRESH AIR WOULD DO YOU SOME GOOD.

STALLYNS

YEAH! SMELLS LIKE *PRETZELS 'N' CHEESE* IN HERE!

HA HA!

WHOOOSH

OH. WE WERE WONDERING WHERE THEY'D GONE OFF TO.

HEY, *ROBOT DAD DUDES!* HOW'S IT HANGIN'?

HMMM*HEY, EXCELLENNNT* DUDE-ETTEZ. HOW'ZZZ IT... UHH... *HANGINNNG..?*

WHOA. MOST LETHARGIC ROBOTS. MAYBE THEY NEED NEW *BATTERIES.*

MAYBE THEY WERE *BUMMED OUT* BEING UNDER THAT MOUNTAIN OF *DISTRESSING LYRICS.*

OH, MY BRAIN JUST REMEMBERED. JOANNA, WE'RE FULLY RUNNING LOW ON *PAPER.*

YAH. AND *OVERSIZED BLACK SQUEAKY MARKERS.* THAT'S *MY* BRAIN REMEMBERING, ELIZABETH.

SPEAKING OF *BUYING* THINGS, WE, UH, *STILL* NEED TO HAVE THAT TALK ABOUT OUR *FINANCES --*

WE KNOW, SORRY. IT'S JUST WE'VE BEEN DISTRACTED BY THE *SONG.* BUT DON'T WORRY. *NONHEINOUS* TIMES ARE *JUST* AROUND THE PROVERBIAL CORNER!

THEY'RE JUST *HIDING* LIKE A LITTLE *MOUSE* OR *PRAIRIE DOG* THAT JUST DOESN'T WANT TO COME OUT YET.

I GET IT! BECAUSE IT'S *SCARED.*

YAH, SORT OF. MORE LIKE *APPREHENSIVE.*

POOR LITTLE RODENTS. I WISH WE COULD COAX THEM OUT IMMEDIATELY, SO THEY FEEL SAFE AND SECURE --

POOMF

UH-OH. SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE NOT THE *ONLY* DUDES HAVING TROUBLE WITH WORK.

POP POP POFF P-FOOM

KEEP THE *LITTLE PRINCESSES* BACK IN CASE SOMETHING GOES --

BOOOOM

?

KER-SPLACK

!

!

WHOA! YOU DUDES OKAY?

S-STATION...

ANOTHER EXPERIMENTAL SETBACK?

STATION.

HEINOUS. SORRY THE SCIENCE ISN'T GOING WELL, STATION DUDES.

DON'T FRET TOO HARSHLY. WE KNOW YOU CAN *TOTALLY* DO IT. WHATEVER IT IS YOU'VE BEEN DOING IN THERE.

YAH, *CHIN UP,* CHINLESS INTERSTELLAR DUDES. IT COULD BE WORSE. IF *WE* FAIL WE'LL RUIN THE WORLD FOR *UNTOLD FUTURE MILLIONS.*

WHAT IN THE NAME OF PAUL TUTMARC IS GOING ON HERE? HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO PRACTICE MY NEW *BASS SOLO* WITH ALL THIS *COMMOTION?!*

DEATH, DUDE, YOU *DO* REMEMBER WE HAVE NOT SIGNED OFF ON THIS TEMERARIOUS *BASS SOLO* SCHEME OF YOURS.

YAH. THE VOTE WAS *FOUR AGAINST ONE.*

SIX AGAINST ONE!

EIIGHT AAGAIINZZT!

STATION!!

WHOA! IT'S A *COUP,* DUDE! *DOWN WITH THE BASS!*

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO! THEY DON'T GET TO VOTE! *NONE OF THEM GET TO VOTE!*

THAT'S IT. I'M CALLING MY *AGENT!*

WHOA. *VOTER SUPPRESSION* IS SO NOT A GOOD LOOK, DUDE. LIKE, THIS IS STILL A *DEMOGRAPHIC COUNTRY.*

NOT TO MENTION DISCRIMINATION AGAINST *ALIEN PEOPLE, CHILDREN PEOPLE* AND *TRULY GOOD ROBOTS* WHO THROUGH NO FAULT OF THEIR OWN JUST SO HAPPEN TO BE *PEOPLE-SHAPED.*

ALL THIS TIME WE THOUGHT YOU WERE AN *EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY REAPER. TSK TSK,* DUDE.

YAH. *TSK TSK.*

BUT THEY'RE NOT EVEN IN THE BAND!

OH. RIGHT. GOOD POINT.

WHOA. TED. IMAGINE HAVING *TEN WHOLE PEOPLE* IN WYLD STALLYNS?

IT WOULD TOTALLY MAKE US A *SKA BAND,* AND YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS BEEN BAD AT PICKING THINGS UP. *SHIRTS, SOCKS, IRREDEEMEDLY OLD USED UNDERWEAR --*

IT'S OKAY, TED. WE'RE BACK TO FOUR TO ONE. *WE STILL WIN!*

EXCELLENT! GAME OVER, DUDE! WE *TOTALLY* SUNK YOUR BATTLESHIP!

THIS ISN'T FAIR! EVERYONE HAS A SOLO! ***JOANNA*** HAS A SOLO! ***ELIZABETH*** HAS A SOLO! ***YOU BOTH*** HAVE SOLOS!

AND YOU PLAY THEM AT THE SAME TIME, WHICH DEFEATS THE ENTIRE PURPOSE!
IDIOTIC!

AHEM. EXCUSE US, DEATH.

BUT WE WOULD JUST LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT YOU *ALREADY DO* HAVE A BASS SOLO.

IT'S TOO SHORT!

SO'S *LIFE,* DUDE! *YOU* SHOULD KNOW THAT MORE THAN *ANYONE!*

NO ONE WANTS A *FORTY MINUTE BASS SOLO!* NOT EVEN *PROG ROCK BANDS* ARE THAT EGREGIOUSLY *PROGGY!*

LOOK, DEATH, WE CAN'T TALK ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW. WE HAVE AN *UNTOLD FUTURE* AHEAD OF US TO DEAL WITH.

WE NEED TO GET THIS *FATEFUL SONG* WRITTEN, IT'S OUR *NUMBER ONE* PRIORITY THING TO DO BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE --

I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE GOING TO PICK UP DINNER.

OH, YAH! THAT'S RIGHT!

CLUCK E. CHICK!

WHAT? CLUCK E. CHICK?

CLUCK-E-CHICK!!!

OOH! I GET *SHOTGUN!*

NO *WAY*, DUDE! *DON'T EVEN!*

CLUCK E. CHICK

NEW STOMACH PUMPS ARE HERE!

ENTER

HOWDY, PARDNER, WELCOME TO *CLUCK E. CHICK'S CHUCKWAGON.* WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR?

HOW'S IT GOIN', INVISIBLE MENU DUDE! SO, WE'LL HAVE ONE *CLUCK E. CHICK CHICKEN BARREL!* AND *TWO TROUGHS* OF CLUCK-E'S *CAMPFIRE SIDES!*

PLUS, *EIGHT BIG CHUGGER RANCH ROOT BEERS!* FOR *TOTAL* REFRESHMENT!

AND FOR A MOST *EPIC* FROZEN DESSERT, WE REQUEST SIX *LARGE CHOCOLATE CLUCK-E-CHILL FROSTY-FEEDBAGS.*

EXCUSE ME. I HAVE NEED OF ONE *LITTLE PARDNER HOWDY MEAL DEAL*, PLEASE. THANK YOU.

WHAT? *DUDE* -- WE'RE GETTING A FULL-ON *CHICKEN BARREL!*

I... STILL NEED *CHARCOALIZARD* TO COMPLETE MY SET OF *MONSTER HOARDER TOYS.*

ANYTHING ELSE?

OOH! GOLD-DANG DAPPLED APPLE PALOMINO PIE -- ! OOMPH!

NAH, WE'RE GOOD, PARDNER DUDE!

GOOD CALL, TED. REMEMBER THE *LAST* TIME DEATH SCARFED A PALOMINO PIE?

DAPPLED DINING ROOM. TRULY GRISLY SCENE.

STOP BRINGING THAT UP!

THAT'S WHAT *WE* SAID, DUDE!

GREETINGS, VISIBLE CASHIER DUDE. *WICKED SHIRT* YOU'RE ROCKING.

OH. YEAH. UH, THAT'LL BE --

HEY, WHO'S YOUR *FAVORITE BAND* NOWADAYS?

VILE EMPIRE

VILE EMPIRE. *DUH.*

AH. *RIGHT.* HOW ABOUT FAVORITE BAND, *NORTHERN HEMISPHERE?*

DEDD SHREDDER.

GOOD ONE. I FORGOT ABOUT OUR UPSTAIRS CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

ALSO, *DOWNSTAIRS.* MEXICO AND FRIENDS.

OKAY! *U.S. ONLY, WEST COAST --*

TANNED CORPSE.

DUDE! WHAT ABOUT LOCAL *HOME TOWN FAVORITE?* WITH A "**W**"--!

YOU MEAN LIKE *WYLD STALLYNS?* THEY WERE OKAY WHEN THEY FIRST STARTED. THEY KIND OF *SUCK* NOW.

THAT'LL BE $161.79.

AT LEAST HE KNEW THE BAND'S *NAME.* YOUR DAD'S ALWAYS MIXING US UP WITH *WILSON FILL-UPS.*

DON'T REMIND ME. IT DOES ME BODILY HARM.

PASS THE *CLUK E SLAW,* PLEASE?

STATION!

DAMN IT. *AGAIN* WITH THE *OCCULTIKARP...*

SO...LISTEN, GUYS. WE'RE GONNA NEED TO HOLD OFF ON CLUCK E. CHICK FOR A WHILE AFTER THIS.

WHY? DID YOU FIND A *RAT* IN THE BARREL?

SHHH. NO. WE JUST NEED TO GET ON A SERIOUS *BUDGET* TO TRY TO CATCH UP ON THE *BILLS.*

VILE EMPIRE

BUT...WE WON *TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS* FROM THE BATTLE OF THE BANDS.

AND DESPITE *FLAGRANT* RECORD COMPANY *CHICANERY* WE STILL MADE MONEY FROM OUR FIRST ALBUM.

THAT MONEY HAS ALL BEEN *SPENT,* AND WE'RE *IN DEBT.* WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU.

BUT YOU'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP IN *THE SONG,* TO THE EXPENSE OF EVERYTHING ELSE.

WE'RE *SPENDING* FAR MORE THAN WE'RE *EARNING*. WE HAVEN'T PLAYED OUT IN AGES.

AND WE HAVEN'T HAD A *HIT* IN *AGES.*

WHOA. WE KNEW IT WAS BAD... BUT IT CAN'T BE *THAT* BAD, CAN IT?

HEY, EVERYBODY. *LOOK!* YOU'RE ON *T.V.!*

WYLD STALLYNS!

FIVE YEARS AGO ON THIS VERY DAY **WYLD STALLYNS** PLAYED THE **GRAND CANYON.**

Tune TV

WYLD STALLYNS ?

BUT **NOW,** PEOPLE ARE WONDERING WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE BAND. IF THEY REMEMBER THEM AT ALL.

NO WAY! NOTHING HAPPENED!

WE'RE *RIGHT HERE,* TUNE-TV DUDE!

PERHAPS NO MODERN ACT HAS FALLEN **SO FAR,** AND FROM SUCH GREAT HEIGHTS.

THEIR LAST TWO SINGLES, **"THOSE WHO ROCK"** AND **"THOSE WHO CONTINUE TO ROCK"**, CHARTED AT #48 AND #187, RESPECTIVELY. WITH NO WORD OF **NEW MUSIC OR SHOWS --**

-- PERHAPS THE AUDIENCE NO LONGER **FEELS THE NEED** TO "BE EXCELLENT" TO WYLD STALLYNS.

SALES

BILL. DON'T CRY. 'CUZ THIS IS A *CHALLENGE.*

IT'S *DUST,* DUDE. I KNOW. I'M *TOTALLY* RESOLVED.

IT'S A *CALL TO ACTION.* WYLD STALLYNS WILL *NOT* BE *BROKEN.*

WYLD STALLYNS WILL *NOT* BE *FORGOTTEN.*

WYLD STALLYNS ARE COMING BACK!

WHERE *IS* EVERYONE? THE PLACE IS HALF EMPTY!

TO-NITE: WILD STALLIONS

TO-NITE: WILD STAL

ROXY

I HEARD THERE'S A DUDE WRESTLING A *BEAR* AT THE *CITY ARENA.*

YAH. ME, TOO.

WHOA. I WANNA SEE THAT.

BUT RIGHT *NOW* WE GOTTA PUT OUR BEST FEET FORWARD AND *PLAY OUR HEARTS OUT* FOR THE FANS. *EVEN IF* MOST OF THEM DIDN'T SHOW UP.

AND HERE THEY *ARE, EVERYONE* GIVE IT UP FOR *SAN DIMAS' OWN --*

--WYLD STALLYNS!

GREETINGS, EVERYONE! WE'D LIKE TO PLAY YOU A *BRAND NEW SONG!*

YAH. WE'D *LIKE* TO, ONLY IT ISN'T WRITTEN ALL THE WAY THROUGH YET. BUT HERE'S AN *EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW!*

BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER.
WE'RE THE ONLY WE'S WE HAVE.
IF WE DON'T UNIFY,
WE'RE TOTALLY GONNA DIE.
AND NO ONE WILL EVEN BE AROUND TO ASK.
WHY?

THAT'S ALL WE HAVE SO FAR.

SO THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU DUDES *CLAP* AND GET ALL *HAPPY* AND MAYBE *TOTALLY UNITE.*

WYLD STALLYN

BASS SOLO!

BUM BUMMA BUM-BA-BUM

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

WELL, THE *SEMI-* GOOD NEWS IS WE MADE ALMOST *FORTY DOLLARS* ON BOTTLE RETURNS.

THAT WON'T EVEN REPLACE *ONE* DAMAGED AMP.

C'MON, JOANNA. REMEMBER, YOU PLAY THE *DRUMS,* NOT THE *DOLDRUMS.* EVERYTHING WILL BE *ALL RIGHT.*

LOOK AT *US.* WE TOTALLY DIED -- *TWICE!* SO REST ASSURED, OUR PRESENTLY *MORIBUND* CAREERS CAN RISE UP IN A SIMILARLY *MIRACULOUS* AND *THOROUGHLY UNEXPECTED MANNER.*

DEDD SHREDDER

THUMPIN' GUITAR

...

...

ROBOT TED.

YESS, ROBOT BILL?

SOMETHING IS ***MISSSING. INNNSIDE.***

YESS. I ***KNOW***, DUUDE. I CAN FEEEL IT ***NOT BEING THERE.***

THERE'S FOUR OF THEMM. BUT ONLY ***TWO*** OF USS.

THEY HAAVE BUILT ***RELATIONSHIPS.***

THEY ***COMPLETE*** EACH OTHERRR, LIKE ***CIRRCUITS.***

MAYBE ***WEEE*** NEED TO BUILD RELATIONSHIPSS.

MAYBE ***WE*** NEEED ***ROBOT BABES.***

YESSS, WAAAY!

HIIGH FIIIVE, DUUUUDE --

BZZKAKKZZ

BOGUS.

STATION.

STATION.

STATION.

LIZ...DID YOU EVER THINK THAT IF YOU HAD THE *TIME BOOTH*... YOU'D WANT TO GO BACK TO THE *FIFTEENTH CENTURY?*

HMM. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. BUT, THEN I THINK ABOUT *ELECTRICITY. REFRIGERATION. INDOOR PLUMBING.*

BILLS

SUPER-MARKETS. SWIRLY TOOTHPASTE. ZIPPERS.

RIOT GRRRL. RECORD STORES. ROCK FESTIVALS --

HELLP! CAN'T FIINNND *STAATIONZZZ!*

OH, NO! WHAT HAPPENED?

DID YOU LOOK IN THE *WORKSHOP?*

YESSS!

LADIES! YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR *OFFSPRING!*

DEATH'S A TOTAL *CHICKEN,* MOM!

HE'S A *CLUCK E. CHICK CHICKEN!*

BRING BACK KURT

Death Fears Girls

WE CHALLENGED HIM TO A GAME OF *MARIO TENNIS* TO BRING *KURT COBAIN* BACK FROM THE DEAD! BEST *TWO* OUT OF *THREE!*

AND I *TOLD* THEM THE RESURRECTIONS POLICY WAS *CHANGED!* I'M IN *ENOUGH TROUBLE* FROM THE BOSS ON THE *FIRST* BATCH!

THINKING ABOUT THAT *TIME BOOTH?*

YES. SOMEWHERE CALMING. LIKE THE *ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL, 1970.*

BILLS

LISTEN UP, EVERYONE! BIG ANNOUNCEMENT TIME! WE HAVE SOME TRULY EXCELLENT NEWS TO SHARE WITH ALL OUR LOVED ONES.

OH, YAH, AND YOU, TOO, DEATH. YOU SHOULD TOTALLY STAY TO HEAR THIS, AS WELL.

BRING BACK KURT

Death Fears Girls

WHOA. NICE ONE, ROBOT USSES! CELEBRATE GOOD TIMES! WAVE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

YAH! WAVE THEM LIKE YOU JUST DON'T CARE.

??

ANYWAY, IT'S LIKE THIS. WE FIGURE SAN DIMAS IS USED TO US BEING LOCAL AND ALL, SO THEY KNOW THEY CAN SKIP A WYLD STALLYNS SHOW TO WATCH A DUDE WRESTLE A BEAR.

OR SEE A TRAVELING SIDESHOW CARNIVAL OR A BIG WAREHOUSE FIRE OR A METEOR SHOWER, 'CUZ THEY'RE FULLY AWARE WE'RE STILL GONNA BE AROUND AFTERWARD.

SO WHAT WE NEED TO DO IS TO GO TO PLACES WHERE PEOPLE AREN'T SICK OF US!

WHICH IS LIKE, EVERYWHERE NON-NON-NON-NON SAN DIMAS! SO EVERYONE GET READY 'CUZ WE'RE ALL GONNA HEAD OUT ON A MOST UNRIVALED --

-- WYLD STALLYNS WORLD TOUR!

PRETTY EXCELLENT PLAN, RIGHT?

BILLS

BRFZTK

BZZLAPZT

POOM

PING

POINNG

PUH-YOINNG

BOOM KRAKK-A-DOOM

ZZKZZYAP

NO.

WAY.

YES WAY.

WYLD STALLYNS

2700 A.D.

ONE WEEK LATER.

OUTSTANDING JOB YOU'VE DONE ASSEMBLING A SECOND TURNTABLE PROTOTYPE, PROFESSOR.

THANKS, *RUFUS.* WE'RE JUST ABOUT READY TO TAKE IT FOR A TRIAL SPIN.

PROFESSOR QUAVERMASS! WE'VE DROPPED THE NEEDLE -- THERE'S *ALREADY* AN INFLUX OF PAST DATA COMING IN!

INCLUDING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A *TONAL FLUCTUATION OF CONSIDERABLE* --

TM-BOOM

FZZT FZZRK

WH-WHAT *HAPPENED?* WAS IT THE PROTO-TYPE?

I DON'T KNOW... LET'S JUST HOPE IT WASN'T ANOTHER *BLAST* FROM THE *PAST* --

" -- SOMETHING UNFORTUNATE *BILL AND TED* HAVE DONE TO AFFECT THE TIMELINE!"

EXCELLENT NEWS, EVERYONE!

EVERYTHING'S *TOTALLY* ARRANGED FOR THE EUROPEAN LEG OF THE *WYLD STALLYNS WORLD TOUR!*

IT'S ACTUALLY MORE LIKE A LEG *AND* A FOOT, IF YOU TAKE ITALY'S *BOOT-LIKE APPEARANCE* INTO CONSIDERATION. BUT *STILL*, WE *TOTALLY* TOOK CARE OF BUSINESS! IN *EVERY WAY!*

CHECK IT! FLIGHTS, VENUES, GROUND TRANSPORTATION, *MOST* OF THE HOSTELS, THESE *LITTLE BOOKS* THAT HELP YOU ASK WHERE THE *BATHROOM* IS IN VARIOUS FOREIGN LANGUAGES --

SECRET TOUR STUFF

OH, AND *APPARENTLY* THERE'S *FREE* COMPLIMENTARY *AIRLINE SNACKS* --

AND IF WE BOARD EARLY WE CAN *TOTALLY SNAG* SOME OF THOSE COMFY BABY-SIZED *PILLOWS!*

EXCELLENT!

UMM... I THOUGHT WE AGREED TO ALL WORK ON BOOKING THE TOUR *TOGETHER.*

YOU TOLD US YOU TWO WERE COOPED UP WORKING ON THE *SONG* ALL WEEK.

OH, *THAT.* YAH, WELL, *Y'KNOW* HOW BANDS WRITE TRULY *ICONIC TUNES* OUT ON THE ROAD, HAVING *FULL-ON LIFE EXPERIENCES?*

WE'RE GOING TO *WHOLLY EMULATE* THAT CREATIVE APPROACH IN ORDER TO FULFILL OUR QUEST FOR THE *ONE SONG!*

ALL WELL AND GOOD. BUT HOW MUCH IS ALL THIS GOING TO *COST? BILLIONS* HAVE DIED SINCE I LAST SAW A *ROYALTY CHECK!*

WHOA, DUDE, KEEP YOUR SCYTHE IN YOUR *PANTS!* WE PLANNED *EVERYTHING* WITH THE *UTMOST* FISCAL RESPONSIBILITY IN MIND.

YAH, SINCE *JOANNA* AND *ELIZABETH* INFORMED US THAT OUR FINANCES WERE IN... *ARREARS.*

PFFFFFT! S-SORRY, DUDES, I JUST CAN'T HANDLE THAT *EGREGIOUSLY LOADED PHRASE!*

I *KNOW!* OUR F-*FINANCES* -- BEING IN *OUR REARS!* ***HA-HAHAHAHA!***

WATCH OUT FOR ANY *HARSH LIQUIDITIES, DUDE! PFFFFFT!*

YAH, AND THOSE *HEINOUS STOCK DUMPS!*

HAHAHAHAHAHAAA!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO USE THAT WORD.

IT'S OKAY. I'M THE ONE WHO SAID *"ASSETS."*

LOOK, JOANNA, THE IDEA WAS THAT YOU AND ELIZABETH WOULDN'T HAVE TO LIFT A ROYAL FINGER.

YAH. WE WANTED TO SHOW YOU THAT WE *TRULY* APPRECIATE EVERYTHING YOU DO, AND EVERYTHING YOU *ARE*.

OUR *TRULY LOVELY WIVES*, AS WELL AS OUR *STELLAR BANDMATES* ON DRUMS AND KEYBOARDS, RESPECTIVELY!

NOT TO *MENTION* BEING *TOTALLY UNRIVALED MOTHERS* TO OUR *MOST RESPLENDENT DAUGHTERS!*

AND WITH YOU BY OUR SIDES, WE KNOW *WYLD STALLYNS WILL TRIUMPH ONCE MORE,* AND PERFORM THE SONG THAT WILL *UNITE THE WORLD!*

BECAUSE, LIKE, *OUR LOVE* WILL SEE US THROUGH IT ALL! ALONG WITH THE *MINI TOUR BUS* WE HIRED.

...

?

IT'S TOO BAD WE COULDN'T TAKE THE GIRLS WITH US.

YAH. THEA AND BILLIE WERE MOST UNPLEASED TO HAVE TO STAY WITH *MISSY* AND MY *DAD*.

WE'LL MAKE IT UP TO THEM, DUDE. RIGHT AFTER WE MAKE OUR *TRIUMPHANT RETURN!*

CATCH YOU LATER, DUDES! BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER!

THANK YOU FOR RE-ATTACHING OUR ***HANDS, STATIONZZZ.***

A MMMOST ***EXCELLENT*** JOB OF ADHERING.

STATION!

UMMM... ROBOT BILLL AND I HAAAVE ANOTHER ***FAVOR*** TO ASK.

WEEE, UHHH... TRULY ***APPRECIATE*** YOU GIVINNNG US OUR ***EXCELLENT*** EXISTENCES.

BUT AFFFTER ***MUCH*** COMPUTING-- MOSTLY EVALUATED ***LATE AAT NIGHT*** -- WE'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAAAT WE ARE ***LONELY BILL AAND TED ROBOTS.***

WE HAVE MOST ***EXCELLLLENT*** FRIENDS HERE. BUT WE ARE STILL FEELING... ***INCOMPLETE. REAL BILL ANNND TED*** HAVE MMOST EXCELLENT WIVES, ***JOANNA ANNND ELIZABETH.***

SOOO... WOULD YOU BUILD US MMMOST EXCELLENT ROBOT WIVES?

SO WE CAN BE HAPPY, LIKE BILLLL ANND TED?

STATION!!

EXCELLENT RESULT! YESSS!

HIGH FIIIIVE, ROBOT TED!

POOW

AXLE... ANT? PRETZEL LINT?

EL-E-PHANT? EGG SALAD?

UH, *EXCUSE US,* PASSENGE DUDES --

BUT DOES *ANYONE* KNOW WHAT RHYMES WITH *"EXCELLENT"?*

HOW TO WRITE A HIT SON

THESAURUS of ROCK

NERVOUS FLYER?

I-I GUESS IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS. I MEAN, I-I *KNOW* THE STATISTICS, BUT --

RELAX, YOU'LL BE FINE. ***DOUBLE-DECKER BUSES.*** THAT'S WHAT ***YOU*** REALLY HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.

YOU'LL SEE.

CHERNOBYL

SAN FRANCISCO

MOUNT ST. HELEN

KRAKATOA

HIROSHIMA

BILL AND TED? WYLD STALLYNS?

HELLO, I'M ZAHIR, YOUR TOUR DRIVER. GOOD TO FINALLY MEET YOU ALL!

WYLD STALLYNS

SAME, DUDE. THIS IS JOANNA AND ELIZABETH, AND THAT'S GRIM BACK THERE BEING GRUMPY.

HUH. HE SEEMS VERY DEDICATED TO HIS STAGE PERSONA. IT'S... IMPRESSIVE.

UHH, NOT TO SOUND DISRESPECTFUL, BUT, THIS MINIBUS... IT'S A BIT --

I KNOW, I KNOW. NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE. I'VE BEEN SAVING UP FOR A REPLACEMENT.

MINAL 3

BUT DON'T WORRY. I'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT WITH THIS BABY, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU IT'S COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE!

SEE? I'LL EVEN DO THE THING WHERE YOU KICK THE TIRE.

DUNT

BET YOU THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS GOING TO FALL OFF!

WHOA! I TOTALLY DID, DUDE!

YAH, I WAS EVEN KIND OF HOPING!

WOW, LIZ. TO BE BACK HOME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... IT FEELS A LITTLE WEIRD, DOESN'T IT?

DEFINITELY! HERE'S TO A SUCCESSFUL TRIP IN YE OLDE MERRY!

VROOOM

RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE

WYLD STALLYNS

SO, MY FRIENDS, WHAT'S *FIRST* ON THE ITINERARY? WHAT HOTEL AM I TAKING YOU TO?

OH, *NO HOTEL*, DUDE. WE HAVE OUR FIRST SHOW TONIGHT!

WHAT?!?

YOU *CAN'T* BE SERIOUS. RIGHT AFTER *TWO* LONG FLIGHTS?

AND *JETLAG?*

THIS WAS THE ONLY NIGHT WE COULD BOOK AROUND HERE. EVERYWHERE ELSE HAS DARTS LEAGUE!

YOU'LL BE OKAY! WE ALL SNAGGED SOME *SLEEP* ON THE PLANES, *RIGHT?*

I DID, DUDE. YOU KNOW WHAT I *DREAMED* ABOUT?

THOSE *CRUNCHY BUTTON CANDIES* THAT COME ALL STUCK ON THE PAPER?

AND YOU BITE THEM OFF AND ALWAYS GET *PAPER* IN YOUR *TEETH! YAH, YOU GOT IT! GOOD ONE!*

SHH! WE DIDN'T WANT TO *ALARM* YOU, BUT THERE'S A MUCH MORE *IMMINENT PROBLEM* HERE THAN MERE *EXHAUSTION!*

ZAHIR'S DRIVING ON THE *WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD. WE'RE TOTALLY GOING TO DIE!*

I *HEARD* THAT. DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

WHEN YOU'RE WITH *ME,* YOU'LL GET WHERE YOU'RE GOING, *SAFE* AND *SOUND,* IN *PLENTY* OF TIME.

GUYS! GUYS!

WED: WILD STALLIONS
THURS: DARTS LEAGUE
FRI: HEALTH INSPECTION
SAT: TBD

Est. 1903
SWAN SONG THEATRE

WAKE UP! WE GO ON IN TWO MINUTES!

OH, *GREAT!* WE ACTUALLY HAVE A *CROWD* OUT THERE AND THEY'RE BOTH *DEAD TO THE WORLD!*

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO *RESURRECT* YOU TWO? *UP! RISE UP!*

OWW! I'M UP! OW!

WE'RE *BOTH* UP! QUIT IT, DUDE!

WI-ILD STALLYNS! WI-ILD STALLYNS!

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP! CLAP-CLAPP!

GREETINGS, DUDES. I'M BILL S. PRESTON. ESQUIRE.

AND I'M TED "THEODORE" LOGAN.

AND WE'RE WYLD STALLYNS.

SO... ARE YOU READY TO =YAWWWWN= ROCK?

TED, DON'T DO THAT, DUDE. *EVERYONE* KNOWS YAWNING IS *TOTALLY CONTIGUOUS!*

:YAWWWWN:

TCH! SEE -- ?

SORRY, DUDE, BUT I'M -- :YAWWWWN:

:YAWWWWN:

:YAWWWWN:

YAAWWWWNNN!!!

YAAWWWWNNN!!!

WYLD STALLYNS

BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

LATER, AFTER A MOST FORTUITOUSLY FAST EXIT...

HOSTEL
NO VACANCY

YOU MUST ADMIT, THEY THROW *WAY* NICER BOTTLES IN EUROPE.

YAH. THEY HURT THE SAME AS THE ONES BACK *HOME,* THOUGH.

I DON'T GET IT. WE WERE POPULAR IN THE *PAST...* AND WE'RE *GOING* TO BE POPULAR IN THE *FUTURE.* SO, LIKE, *WHY* AREN'T WE POPULAR *NOW?*

IT'S THE *SONG.* IT'S STRESSING YOU OUT, SO YOU CAN'T WRITE IT. OR CONCENTRATE ON *ANYTHING ELSE.*

WHICH IS *UNDERSTANDABLE.* IT'S A LOT OF PRESSURE, BEING ASKED TO SAVE THE *WORLD.*

EARTH. TRULY A MOST *STELLAR ORB!* MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS, ROLLING HILLS -- AND SPARKLING LAKES, BOTH NATURAL *AND* MAN-MADE!

TO SAY *NOTHING* OF THE VARIOUS TRIBUTARIES AND ESTUARIES. IT'S ALL GOOD, THE ENTIRE BALL OF WAX!

EXCEPT IT'S *DIRT, DUDE.* WITH *WORMS* IN IT.

EWW.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS *THORN,* DUDE. EVERY EARTH HAS ITS *WORMS.*

ZZZZZZZZ

-- AND FINALLY, THIS MONTH SEES THE DEBUT OF AN UNPRECEDENTED EUROPEAN EVENT, THE FREEZING NORSEMAN OPEN AIR METALFEST!

FREEZING NORSEMAN FESTIVAL

WHOA, CHECK IT, DUDES! THAT'S THE FESTIVAL *WE'RE* DOING!

Spam, Sausage
Egg, Spam, Spa
Bacon, Egg, Spa

HELP THE N.H.S BY NOT ORDERING THE SAUSAGES.

HEADLINING THE EVENT IS CONTROVERSIAL EVIL METAL BAND, *VILE EMPIRE*. WE ASKED FRONTMAN AND FOUNDER, *HIS DARK HORRIBLENESS*, TO EXPLAIN THE CONCEPT BEHIND *"EVIL METAL"* --

MAGNUS VER MURDERRSONN

THE HELLPOUNDER (A.K.A. KEVIN)

RED EMPRESS UNHOLY ABYSSMAL

HIS DARK HORRIBLENESS THE VILE EMPEROR

EVIL METAL ENCOMPASSES ALL METAL, TRANSCENDS ALL METAL, REDEFINES ALL METAL. IT IS THE CULMINATION OF ALL THINGS TRULY METAL!

DEATH METAL! BLACK METAL! DOOM METAL! GLOOM METAL! SPEED METAL! BLEAK METAL! DIRGE METAL! PURGE METAL! HIGH METAL! LOW METAL! HATE METAL! TERROR METAL! DENSE METAL! INTENSE METAL! PSYCHO METAL! PROGRESSIVE METAL! ET CETERA, ET CETERA METAL!

WE HAD SOME EMO METAL, BUT WE SPIT IT OUT, BECAUSE IT MADE US SICK!

WE ARE SO METAL WE DON'T EVEN NEED TO PLAY METAL MUSIC! WE JUST NEED TO BE!

EVEN SO, VILE EMPIRE VOWS TO CREATE ONLY THE MOST PURELY EVIL METAL POSSIBLE! FALSE METAL BE DAMNED!

Rock TV

YOUR CRITICS SAY --

THEY MAKE US SICK! YOU MAKE ME SICK! GET AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL DESTROY YOU! I'LL SET YOU ON FIRE!

Rock TV

WHOA. THOSE DUDES NEED A HUG. AND A *PUPPY.*

YAH. I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO PLAY THE SAME NIGHT *THEY'RE* ON.

HEY, EVERYONE! WE SHOULD GET ON THE ROAD. WE HAVE *MILES TO GO* BEFORE WE *ROCK!*

GOOD ONE! OKAY, WYLD STALLYNS, LET'S GET BACK IN THE GAME --

" -- WE'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF ROCKING TO DO!"

TOUR

FRIDAY 12th

WYLD STALLYNS

TONITE: MYLD STALLYNS

WIDE HORSES

WILD SCALLIONS

BOOOOO

BOOOOOOOOO

BAND TBD

BELGRADE CIVIC CENTER, BELGRADE

LE TRISTE ALCOOLIQUE, BORDEAUX

GLÜCKLICH BIERGARTEN, DUNKELBERG

DUDES. THIS HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A *TRULY DISHEARTENING* WORLD TOUR.

YAH. I HAVE TO SAY, I'M IN NO *WAY, SHAPE,* OR *FORM* FEELING INSPIRED TO UNITE THE WORLD IN SONG.

TRY TO BE POSITIVE. AT LEAST WE'RE GETTING FEWER *BOTTLES* THROWN AT US.

MOST *LIKELY* DUE TO SMALLER AUDIENCES. NOT TO MENTION, *LESS POPULOUS LOCALITIES.*

OUR FAULT, DUDE. WE *NEVER* SHOULD'VE BOOKED TOWNS BASED ON HOW BIG THE *DOT* WAS ON THE MAP. MAPS *TOTALLY* DON'T WORK THAT WAY.

WELL, I AGREE WITH THE LADIES. *BE POSITIVE!* I BET YOU CAN TURN THINGS AROUND AT THE FREEZING NORSEMAN FESTIVAL!

THAT'S A GOOD POINT! THAT SHOW IS *TRULY* A MOST *PROMISING OPPORTUNITY!*

YAH! WE GOTTA STAY *POSITIVE!* *TOTALLY* POSITIVE! *ONWARD AND UPWARD, WYLD STALLYNS!*

MANY POSITIVE MILES LATER...

BOGUS. THIS IS *TOTALLY NOT US* GETTING WHERE WE WANT TO GO, *SAFE AND SOUND,* IN *PLENTY OF TIME.*

IT'S NOT ZAHIR'S FAULT, DUDE. WE *HAVE* RIDDEN THIS MOST LOYAL VEHICLE PRETTY HARSHLY.

COULD YOU PLEASE HOLD THE FLASHLIGHT STEADY?

MY HANDS ARE COLD. I WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY IF I GET *FROST-BITE.*

NO ONE'S PLAYING IF I DON'T FIX THIS *ENGINE.*

GOOD POINT.

WHY WOULD THEY HAVE A FESTIVAL SO FAR OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF *NOWHERE?* A *FREEZING* NOWHERE, FOR THAT MATTER?

IT'S A METAL THING, I GUESS. *PENANCE* OR SOMETHING.

ALL I KNOW IS I WISH WE WERE BACK *HOME --*

" -- NICE AND WARM, *SAFE* AND *SOUND*".

BUH-BOOOOM

...

FWIP

STATION!

FWUP

GREETINGZZZ, DUUDES! HOWZZ IT HANGINNNG?

Y-Y-Y-YESSS WAYYY -- !

STATION! STATION! STATION -- !

SKRAAAK

KA-BLAMM

STAAA-TION...

THIS IS *BAD.* *EGREGIOUSLY* BAD. WE'RE *TOTALLY* LOST HORIZONS HERE!

YAH. IF ONLY *SOMEONE* DIDN'T LET THE *MAP* GET *BLOWN* OUT THE *WINDOW.*

CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA-

IT COULD HAPPEN TO *ANYONE.* VERY FEW PEOPLE I KNOW CAN RESIST THE ALLURE OF CATCHING SNOWFLAKES ON THEIR TONGUE.

THANK YOU. STILL, I SHOULD HAVE PUT THE MAP DOWN, FIRST.

HOW'S THE TIME, JO?

NOT GOOD AT ALL. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GO ON SOON.

MAYBE THEY'LL SHUT DOWN BECAUSE OF THE WEATHER --

HEY! I SEE *LIGHTS* IN THE DISTANCE! *LOOK!*

WHOAAAA -- !

EXCELLENT!!

WELL. *THIS* LOOKS WELCOMING.

IF YOU *SAY* SO. I MEAN, I'VE HEARD OF CROWDS GETTING *UGLY.* BUT *THIS* ONE *SHOWED UP* UGLY!

OH, THANK *WOTAN* YOU'RE *HERE!*

SORRY WE'RE SO EGREGIOUSLY LATE, DUDE. WE --

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT! *JUST HURRY UP!*

BANDS ONLY! INTRUDERS WILL BE DESTROYED AND/OR SET ON FIRE!

THIS WAY! NO TIME TO LOSE, WE ALREADY HAVE INSTRUMENTS SET UP FOR YOU --

TELL ME THIS IS *NOT* HAPPENING. THAT I AM *NOT* SEEING WHAT I SEE THERE.

SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THAT COLLECTION OF *FESTERING MAGGOTS* IS DOING HERE IN OUR MIDST?

THIS IS AN *OUTRAGE!* I AM *SICK!* I AM GOING TO *VOMIT UP BOTH LUNGS, ONE* AFTER THE *OTHER!*

WE WANT METAL! WE WANT METAL! WE WANT METAL!

YES, YES! OKAY! THANK YOU FOR WAITING, EVERYONE!

AND NOW, HERE, FROM AMERICA, AND, PLEASE -- *FORGIVE ME,* I-I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER NOW WHY THEY WERE BOOKED --

-- GIVE IT UP FOR **WYLD STALLYNS!**

GREETINGS, EVERYONE! I'M BILL S. PRESTON!

AND I'M TED "THEODORE" LOGAN! AND WE'RE TOTALLY PLEASED TO BE HERE IN THE LAND OF THE ICE AND SNOW!

WHERE THE COLD WINDS MOST TRULY BLOW!

WE HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY OUR MUSIC AND THAT IT WILL PERHAPS EVEN *UNITE* YOU A LITTLE, NO MATTER *WHAT* YOU MAY HAPPEN TO BE!

RICH OR POOR, TALL OR SHORT, FREEZING OR NOT SO FREEZING! *BASICALLY,* WHAT WE'RE *TRYING* TO *SAY* HERE IS --

--ARE YOU READY TO ROCK OUT?!

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES SMILING, AREN'T WE?

I THINK SO. TRULY AN *OMINOUS* OMEN.

ENOUGH!!

WITHOUT A DOUBT, THIS IS THE *FALSEST* OF *FALSE METAL* I HAVE *EVER SEEN!* THIS IS AN *INSULT TO METAL! TO OUR METAL HERITAGE! OUR VERY METAL BEING!*

AND I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT!

HEED MY CALL, BROTHERS AND SISTERS! LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!

WHAT I SAY IS -- *DEATH TO FALSE METAL! DEATH TO WYLD STALLYNS!*

AND DEATH TO BILL AND TED!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL!!! DEATH TO BILL AND TED!!!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

DUDE. THIS TOTALLY ISN'T HOW I SAW US GETTING KILLED AGAIN.

YAH, DUDE. SAME HERE.

DEATH
TO FALSE
METAL

LATER, IN THE FUTURE...

Excellent

WYLD STALLYNS

HEINOUS

WILLIAM S. PRESTON, Esq. DIED 2018

TED "THEODORE" LOGAN DIED 2018

PRETZELS 'n' CHEESE

WILL ROCK FOR RECOGNITION

PHONE

I DON'T UNDERSTAND -- WHAT ON EARTH *IS* ALL THIS?

THAT'S JUST IT. IT ISN'T JUST ONE EARTH. OR *UNIVERSE,* EVEN.

SINCE THE MAIN MONITOR WAS REPAIRED, WE'VE STARTED RECEIVING DATA NOT JUST FROM *OUR* PAST --

REBUILDING OUR FUTURE (IF WE HAVE ONE)

LOOSE LIPS CAUSE TIME SLIPS

-- BUT FROM ACROSS *TIME, SPACE,* AND *OTHER DIMENSIONS*. AND ALMOST EVERY POTENTIAL OUTCOME SHOWS BILL AND TED *FAILING* TO WRITE THE ONE SONG.

WE'RE GOING TO NEED A BIGGER TURNTABLE TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS. WHICH COULD TAKE *YEARS. DECADES,* PERHAPS.

IT'S *CONCEIVABLE* THAT BILL AND TED WILL WRITE THE SONG BY THEN. IF *NOT,* FOR REALITY'S SAKE --

"-- LET'S JUST HOPE THEY STAY OUT OF *TROUBLE!*"

SISTERS AND BROTHERS! THE TIME HAS COME TO *SACRIFICE* THESE *FALSE PROPHETS* ON THE *UNHOLY ALTAR* OF *EVIL METAL! TO SLAY BILL AND TED!*

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

THIS IS *NOT* GOOD. WE ARE *TOTALLY* OUTNUMBERED BY AN ENTIRE *SUBGENRE OF METAL,* REPLETE WITH SHARP IMPLEMENTS AND QUESTIONABLE FASHION CHOICES.

YAH. YOU COULD SAY WE'RE TRAPPED BETWEEN A *ROCK FESTIVAL* AND A *HARD PLACE.*

WHO ALLOWED THIS *AFFRONT* TO TAKE PLACE? THIS *SIEGE* ON OUR LAND, THIS *STAIN* ON OUR INAUGURAL EVENT? *TELL ME!*

WHO @#€$☠%! BOOKED WYLD STALLYNS?!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

HERE HE IS, YOUR MOST DARK HORRIBLENESS.

DEATH TO THE BOOKERS OF FALSE METAL!

BOOOOOOOO!

I--I DIDN'T KNOW! WE NEEDED A REPLACEMENT FOR *GOATSTRANGLER* AFTER THEY WERE ARRESTED FOR STEALING TIRES!

TH-THEY CALLED ME! I THOUGHT THEY WERE A DEATH METAL BAND BECAUSE OF THE *BASSIST --*

TRAITOR! USURPER! INTO THE *SEA* WITH HIM! *INTO THE SEA OF EVIL!*

AAAAAGH!!!

WHOA, UNCOOL, DUDE! YOU SHOULD AT *LEAST* HAVE LET HIM TAKE HIS GLASSES OFF!

YAH, REALLY, YOUR MOST AWFULNESS. YOU'VE GOT ANGER ISSUES WITH *US,* NOT THAT POOR LITTLE GUY.

DEATH

PURELY UNFOUNDED, BECAUSE WE *TOTALLY* DIDN'T COME HERE TO INSULT OR AFFRONT *ANYBODY!*

WE CAME TO PLAY *MUSIC! TO ROCK!*

YAH, DUDES! WE'RE HERE TO *UNITE* YOU! NOT TO *FIGHT* YOU!

HELLPOUNDER. BREAK THEM INTO BITE-SIZE PIECES.

WE SHOULD *RUN, NOW!*

WHICH WAY?

THIS WAY?

NO WAY!

YES WAY!

THAT WAY?

STOP THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

SORRY, DUDE, BUT WE HAVE TO CANCEL THIS DATE! CATCH YOU LATER!

WHOA! LOOK AT DEATH GO! FEAR THE REAPER, EVIL METAL DUDES!

WHO KNEW HE WAS CAPABLE OF SUCH STELLAR PUGILISM?

I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING!

I JUST DON'T WANT ANY OF THESE UNWASHED SIMIANS TOUCHING MY RO—!

HUURRK—!

NYAAAAAHHH!

OH, THIS IS NOT GOOD --

C'MON, EVERYONE, GET UP!

WE CAN'T! WE'RE DOOMED, DUDES!

TOTALLY DOOMED DUDES!

CLUBBACLUM

HONNK HONNNNNK

SKREEEEEEEE

WYLD STALLYNS

WHUMP

ZAHIR! YES WAY!

EXCELLENT CAVALRY, DUDE!

GET IN! AND HOLD TIGHT! THIS IS GOING TO BE MUCH MORE THAN A BUMPY RIDE!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

TO YOUR STEEDS, MY METAL BRETHREN! LET US CRY HAVOC --

VRRR BRRRM BRRMMMMM

-- AND LET LOOSE THE SNOWMOBILES OF WAR!

SNOWMOBILES?! NO WAY! THEY'RE WAY FASTER THAN OUR TRUSTY-BUT-RUSTY MINIBUS!

WHAT A TOTAL WASTE OF OUR "GET-OUT-OF-EVIL-METALFEST-FREE CARD"!

ZAHIR -- LOOK OUT! YOU'RE HEADING FOR THAT POST, DUDE!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! IT'S JUST COMPLETELY INSANE AND COULD RESULT IN ALL OUR DEATHS!

SO EVERYONE HOLD ON AND THINK GOOD THOUGHTS!

BRRRMMMR

OUR EXCELLENT WIVES AND DAUGHTERS!

OUR EXCELLENT DAUGHTERS AND HUSBANDS!

BABY RED PANDAS!

NOT DYING!

SKREEEEK

KRUMM

KRRACK

KRRAKKAKROOOOM

THAT WAS *AMAZING*, ZAHIR! YOU JUST SAVED OUR LIVES!

HEY -- WHY ARE WE *SLOWING DOWN?*

CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA

VRRRRRRMM

WE'RE STUCK ON AN *INCLINE!* THE BUS IS TOO HEAVY TO MAKE IT!

UHHH, *GUYS?* I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT THOSE LUNATICS ARE *STILL* COMING AFTER US!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

QUICKLY! WE HAVE TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD! GET RID OF *DEAD WEIGHT!*

EXCUSE ME?

DON'T *REAP TO CONCLUSIONS,* DUDE! I THINK HE MEANS *INANIMATE OBJECTS!*

MY BASS! YOU -- YOU DID THAT ON *PURPOSE!*

WE CAN ALWAYS GET NEW *EQUIPMENT,* DUDE! WE CAN'T ALWAYS GET NEW *USSES!*

GOODBYE, MOST FAVORITE GUITAR! YOU'LL FOREVER SHRED IN MY DREAMS!

IT'S NOT *ENOUGH!* *STILL TOO HEAVY!*

WELL, TED. I THINK WE KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

YAH, DUDE.

ZAHIR! HIT THE GAS!
PEDAL TO THE METAL, DUDE! JUST DO IT!
CATCH YOU *LATER*, FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES!
WHAT THE -- ?
HAVE A MOST *EXCELLENT* ESCAPE!
VROOOOOM
OH, NO! NO!
ZAHIR! WE HAVE TO GO BACK!
I'M SORRY, JOANNA. BUT THE BEST THING WE CAN DO IS FIND SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN GET HELP!
YOU HAD *NO RIGHT* TO TAKE ME WITH YOU!
RELAX, DUDE. ENJOY THE CHIVALRY.
SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO *NOW*? CHALLENGE THEM TO A GAME OF *HANGRY, HANGRY HIPPOS*?
I *WISH*! WE'D *TOTALLY* GOBBLE UP THOSE *MARBLES*!
WE HAVE A MORE *PRACTICAL* PLAN, DUDE. IT GOES LIKE *THIS* --
RUN TO THE HILLS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
OR YOUR *DEATH*, DUDE!
JUST *RUN* IF YOU *EVER* WANT TO SEE *SAN DIMAS* AGAIN!

WHOA. I'VE NEVER SEEN A HOUSE WITHOUT *BOOKS* BEFORE, BILLIE.

NOT EVEN THOSE OLD OCCULT BOOKS MISSY USED TO MESS AROUND WITH.

DON'T REMIND ME, THEA. I *STILL* CAN'T BELIEVE MY STEP-GRANDMOTHER SENT OUR DEAD DADS TO *HELL*.

I CAN'T BELIEVE NONE OF OUR RELATIVES WILL BELIEVE THE STORIES OUR DADS TELL THEM.

HMM. MAYBE THAT'S A *GOOD* THING.

STATION.

SO -- TV OR VIDEO GAMES?

WHY NOT *BOTH?*

A MOST *EXCELLENT* NOTION.

-- WHERE APPARENTLY THE FREEZING NORSEMAN OPEN AIR METALFEST HAS SHUT DOWN, DUE TO A MASSIVE RIOT BREAKING OUT AS THE BAND WYLD STALLYNS WENT ON --

June TV

FROZEN METALFEST FRENZY

WHAT!?!

WE NEED TO GET HELP. *EXPERT* HELP.

YAH. WE NEED TO GO HOME.

GOOD-GOOOO!

GOOO-GOOOO-GA-GAAGAAA!

BOOP-BOOP-BOOP-DA-DA-DAA-DA-DAA!

IPPY-IPP-OOM-BA-BA-GOOO-GOO-GAH!

GREEETINGS, DUUDES.

STATION!

THAANK YOU FOR THE MOST ***EXCELLENT INNFANTS!*** WE KNOW WE PROMISED THIS WAS TRULY THE ***LAST*** FAVOR WE'D AAASK --

--AAND WE ***TOTALLY*** MEANT IT! ONLY WE FORGOT ***ONE SMMALL THING*** TO TRULY ENSURE OUR DOMESTIC BLISS.

HOUSES!

STAAAAAATION!

LASSST ONE, WE SWEAR!

NO BACKSIES!

SLAMM

STATION

STATION

STATION

STATION

STATION...

TED -- *HUFF* -- WE *KEEP RUNNING*, BUT I'M *STILL* NOT SEEING ANY HILLS TO RUN *TO!*

I *KNOW*, BILL! I *DID* SEE A SORT OF *MOUND* OR *HILLOCK*, BUT I DOUBT ALL THREE OF US CAN HIDE BEHIND IT!

W-WAIT UP FOR ME!

DUDE, *REALLY?* WE'RE RUNNING FOR OUR *LIVES* HERE!

YOU SHOULD'VE WORN MORE *SENSIBLE CLOTHING* FOR AN ESCAPE!

OH, *EXCUSE ME!* AND JUST *WHY* ARE WE RUNNING FROM AN ANGRY MOB? COULD IT BE BECAUSE THE *TWO OF YOU* ARE *COMPLETE* AND *TOTAL* --

WHOA, DUDE, *WATCH OUT* -- !

OWWW!

OOOOF!

AAUUGH!

AAAAAAAAAAGHH!

FLOOMPF!

WHOAAAAAAAAA--!

SNAPP

WHOAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!

BRRUMMMMBLE

CRACK

AAAAAGGGGHHH!

I'M ALL *SWEATY* FROM RUNNING. MOIST IN PLACES THAT *TOTALLY* BETTER NOT *FREEZE.*

THIS TOTALLY ISN'T HOW I SAW THE TOUR GOING.

YAH.

AT LEAST WE'RE MAKING OUR GETAWAY.

TRUE. I JUST WISH WE KNEW WHERE WE WERE GETTING AWAY *TO.*

YAH. SERIOUS *ICE-MELVIN* IF A SEVERE *COLD FRONT* COMES IN.

WHOA, I JUST *REMEMBERED! DEATH,* CAN'T YOU JUST *TRANSPORT* US OUT OF HERE?

THAT'S RIGHT!

I CAN'T. I HAVE NO REAPING POWERS WHILE I'M ON LEAVE TO BE IN THIS STUPID, STUPID BAND.

A DECISION I WILL *REGRET* FOR THE REST OF MY AFTERLIFE.

SO... I GUESS WE MIGHT BE HERE A WHILE.

WE COULD PLAY *TWENTY QUESTIONS* TO PASS THE TIME!

OKAY. DEATH, YOU GO FIRST.

FORGET IT. I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY OF YOUR *STUPID* GAMES.

WHOA. WHO PUT A *DEAD BUG* UP YOUR BUTT, DUDE?

C'MON, DEATH. PICK SOMETHING, PLAY ALONG! IT'LL BE *FUN!*

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. FINE.

I PICKED SOMETHING. ASK YOUR QUESTION.

OKAY, ARE YOU... A *CHARCOALIZARD?*

THAT'S *TOTALLY* WHAT *I* WAS GONNA ASK!

HEY... I DON'T HEAR US ROLLING NOW.

YAH. BUT -- WE'RE STILL MOVING.

WHICH MUST MEAN --

AAAAAAAAAGH!

-- WE'RE TOTALLY FREE FALLING!

AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!

SPUNCH

CRAKKAK

STATIONS!

UM... THEA? ARE THOSE ROBOT MOMS? AND ROBOT... USSES?

LET IT GO, BILLIE -- ONE CRAZINESS AT A TIME!

STRRRTION!!

BANG BANG BANG

STATIONS! CAN YOU HEAR US? IT'S THEA AND BILLIE!

WE NEED YOUR HELP! OUR DADS AND MOMS ARE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!

BANG BANG

OH, NO! THE REAL USSES NEEED HELLP!

THAAT'S WHY WE WERE BUILT! TO HELLLP THEMM!

WE'LL HELLLP, TOO!

STATION!

I KNOW WE ALL ASK A LOT OF YOU --

-- BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!

CRREEEEEAAK

STATION!

STATION?

STATION!

STATION!

FWOOOP

THUNKK

BZZZAAT

STATION!

WHOAAA...

WHOA... I FEEL LIKE I ATE A *HUNDRED AND TWENTY SEVEN* SNOW-CONES.

I FEEL LIKE ALL MY *BLOOD* WAS TURNED INTO A *SLUSHIE*. CORPUSCLES *AND* PLATELETS INCLUDED.

WELCOME
TO THE FUTURE EMPIRE OF EVIL METAL
POPULATION: 666 AND GROWING
EMPEROR IN CHARGE: HIS DARK HORRIBLENESS,
THE VILE EMPEROR
REMEMBER! TOGETHER WE CAN
STRANGLE FALSE METAL!
IF YOU SEE OR HEAR FALSE METAL –
REPORT IT!

OH. THIS BODES MOST UNWELL.

UGH. WHERE ARE WE?

EVIL METAL EMPIRE, DUDE. A FULLY WICKED MUNICIPALITY.

A BOGUS PLACE TO VISIT, AND A TRULY *ODIOUS* PLACE TO LAND IN INSIDE A GIANT SNOWBALL.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M WAY TOO TIRED AND FROZEN TO DO ANY MORE RUNNING.

I CONCUR. MAYBE WE CAN HIDE SOMEWHERE FOR A WHILE.

SOLID METAL GEAR
GIFT SHOP AND EMPORIUM
FOR ALL YOUR BASE METAL NEEDS

WHAT ABOUT IF WE HIDE -- *IN PLAIN SIGHT?*

WHOAAA. CHECK IT OUT!

NOOOO! THIS CANNOT BE HAPPENING!

FIRST THEY RUIN THE FESTIVAL BEFORE WE COULD PERFORM!

THEN THEY DESTROY THE ICE SCULPTURES BEFORE I COULD GET A PICTURE WITH THEM!

AND NOW THIS! THE ENTIRE GIFT SHOP AND EMPORIUM -- WITH ALL OUR EXCLUSIVE MERCHANDISE -- COMPLETELY RUINED!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

NOT SEEING ANY USEFUL TRACKS. BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR.

ALL OF YOU! SPREAD OUT AND FIND THEM! LEAVE NO RUNESTONE UNTURNED!

DEATH TO FALSE METAL

THEY MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

TED... ONE THING I DON'T GET ABOUT HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT.

WHAT'S THAT?

I CAN TOTALLY SEE US.

YAH. I KNOW. JUST BE GLAD IT'S WORKING ON EVERYONE ELSE.

REMEMBER. WE'RE *TOTALLY* EVIL. SO THINK *EVIL THOUGHTS.*

I'M TRYING, BUT IT'S *HARD.* I CAN *BARELY* REGISTER UNPLEASANT.

I KNOW, DUDE. WE'RE JUST TOO RIGHTEOUS FOR OUR OWN GOOD.

WAIT -- REMEMBER THE EVIL ROBOT USSES CHUCK DE NOMOLOS MADE?

RIGHT! THEY WERE *TOTALLY EVIL!* AND TOTALLY *METAL,* COME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

LET'S TRY TO THINK MORE LIKE *THEM* THAN LIKE *US!*

EVIL US MINDSET! GOT IT!

AHEM! GREETINGS, FELLOW EVIL DUDES. BE *UN-EXCELLENT* TO EACH OTHER!

HOW'S IT HANGING, *FIENDS? HAIL SATAN,* AND ALL THAT *UNHOLY STUFF!*

OH, *DOWN* WITH *FALSE METAL,* BY THE WAY!

YAH, AND *DOWN* WITH *BILL AND TED,* WHILE WE'RE AT IT!

WHEREVER THEY MAY HAPPEN TO BE. *PERSONALLY,* I THINK THEY WENT *HOME!*

GOOD POINT! MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL GO HOME AND GET A *GOOD NIGHT'S REST!*

EVIL NIGHT'S REST, DUDE.

OH, *RIGHT!* A *GOOD* EVIL NIGHT'S REST!

THEY JUST GAVE ME A RIDE HERE. I DON'T KNOW THEM.

WE *TOTALLY* PASSED FOR EVIL! NOW TO SNEAK ON OUT OF HERE.

LET'S WARM UP BY THAT FIRE FIRST. MY OUTER EXTREMITIES ARE EGREGIOUSLY FROZEN.

DEATH TO THE INFIDELS! DEATH TO BILL AND TED!

AND *DEATH* TO THAT DISCOUNT *HALLOWEEN STORE GRIM REAPER* AND HIS *CRAPPY BASS SOLOS!*

HOW--HOW ***DARE*** THEY? THIS IS AN ***OUTRAGE!***

I EXIST TO BE ***FEARED*** AND ***REVERED*** BY THE LIKES OF YOU! YOU--YOU--***MORTALS!***

AND MY BASS SOLOS ARE ***NOT*** CRAP--***MMPHH!***

SHHH! SHUT YOUR DEAD MOUTH, DUDE!

C'MON, WE BETTER SNEAK OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE --

HEY! YOU THREE OVER THERE!

!!!

JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

STILL NO UPDATE ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF **WYLD STALLYNS, VILE EMPIRE,** OR OTHER BANDS MISSING FROM THE FREEZING NORSEMAN OPEN AIR METALFEST, AS STORMS HAMPER SEARCH AND RESCUE EFFORTS --

MISSING METAL MUSICIANS

?

IF NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, WHY AM I SO WORRIED?

THAT'S JUST STUFF ADULTS SAY WHEN THEY DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING.

WHOA. HOW'S IT GOING, ROBOTS?

COMMMINNG ALONNG ***EXCELLLENTLY,*** THEA AND BILLLIE!

BRUMP

ANNND WE ARE HELPINNNG!

CRASSH

THE STATIONZZZ ARE ADAPTIING THEIR OWWN SECRET PET PROJECT FORR THE NEW CONSTRUCTION!

THEY HAVE GOT A LOT DONE. BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE BUILDING.

NO IDEA. WE JUST GOTTA STAY HOPEFUL EVERYTHING'S GONNA WORK OUT OKAY.

YOU! EVERYONE'S BEEN CALLED TO THE MAIN STAGE! THE EMPEROR HAS AN *IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT* TO MAKE!

AN' ANYBODY WHO DON'T GO *QUICK* I GETS TO *BRUTALIZE!*

OH, *GOOD!* I MEAN, *UGH, BAD!* MEAN PEOPLE *TOTALLY RULE!*

EXCELLENT NEWS! EVIL ON, DUDES, BE *HORRIBLE* TO EACH OTHER!

YEAH. WOO-HOO.

SISTERS! BROTHERS! AND ALL EVIL OTHERS! WELCOME -- TO REDEMPTION AND REVENGE!

EX-SLAIN

WE'VE DECIDED TO PUSH UP THE SCHEDULED *WALPURGIS EVENT,* WHERE WE PLANNED TO DEBUT OUR *CONCEPT ALBUM!*

THE CONCEPT BEING -- *TO UTTERLY DESTROY OUR ENEMIES!* FALL ON THEM LIKE *RAIN,* AND *CRUSH THEM LIKE THUNDER!*

PFFF. THAT METAPHOR MAKES ABSOLUTELY *NO* SENSE.

BUT THUNDER DOES NOT *CRUSH,* IT --

SHHHH, DUDE, KEEP IT *DOWN!*

C'MON, DUDE! GET WITH THE *INCOGNITO,* HERE!

ENTOMBED DWARF

DYSTYRBED GRAVE

GHOSTFACE KILLER

NUMBER *ONE* ON OUR *HATE LIST* ARE THOSE *PATHETIC PRETENDERS, BILL* AND *TED,* WHO WILL BE FOUND AND MADE TO *PAY* FOR THEIR TRANSGRESSIONS!

BUT *NOW,* LET ME INTRODUCE THE OTHER MEMBERS OF OUR *SUPERGROUP OF EVIL* JOINING US TONIGHT!

MERCYLESS FATE! THEIR EVERY *SONG* A *BLASPHEMY,* THEIR EVERY *CONCERT* AN ACT OF *SURVIVAL HORROR!* SO *FOUL* NONE OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS EXIST AFTER BRUTALLY *SLAYING* ONE ANOTHER!

NECRONOMICLOWN! WHOSE GIMMICK I ADMIT I AM NOT A HUGE FAN OF, BUT WHO ARE NONETHELESS *EVIL METAL PERSONIFIED!*

NO OFFENSE INTENDED. BUT CLOWNS JUST CREEP ME OUT.

AND THE *WORST* OF THEM *ALL* -- THE BAND NO ONE WILL TOUR WITH LEST THEY BE DRIVEN TO *MADNESS AND DEATH* -- THEIR NAME SO TERRIBLY *CONVOLUTED AND TWISTED* EVEN *THEY* CANNOT PRONOUNCE IT!

TOGETHER, WE WILL USE OUR *DARKEST, BLACKEST,* MOST *UNHOLY METAL MUSIC* TO CALL THE ANCIENT *GODS* AND *GIANTS* OF THE FROZEN WASTELAND TO OUR SIDE!

BUT, BEFORE WE BEGIN, I WANTED TO LET YOU ALL KNOW THAT WE ARE RECORDING THIS FOR A *LIVE DOUBLE C.D.,* SO LET'S BE *REALLY ENTHUSIASTIC,* EVERYONE! *OKAY?*

NOW! ON WITH THE RITUAL! AND WOE UNTO BILL AND TED, AND ALL FALSE METAL! IF MUSIC HAS A HELL, LET THEM BURN FOREVER IN ITS DEEPEST AND HOTTEST PIT!

PFFT! GUESS WHAT, DUDE, WE'VE BEEN TO HELL, AND IT'S REALLY NOT THAT HUGE A DEAL!

YAH, TOTALLY BEEN THERE, TOTALLY DONE THAT! WE EVEN SHOUTED AT THE DEVIL!

DUDE, REMEMBER RIDING ON THAT HUMONGOUS FLOATING ROCK?

TOTALLY ENJOYABLE! I'D SERIOUSLY WAIT ON LINE TO DO THAT AGAIN!

THE INTERLOPERS! SEIZE THEM! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!

INTERLOPERS? WHOA, WHERE?

OH. WE WERE THE INTERLOPERS, DUDE --

OW! OWW! DUDE, THAT'S MY ACTUAL BIRTH HAIR!

BOGUS! WHAT WERE WE THINKING?

WE TOTALLY WEREN'T, DUDE.

"OOH, BE QUIET, DUDE, WE'RE INCOGNITO"!

WE GOT LOST IN THE MOMENT. SORRY, DUDE.

NOT AS SORRY AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE.

LET THE RITUAL BEGIN!

FEELS LIKE WE'VE BEEN DRIVING *FOREVER.* I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT THE BUS.

VRRRRR-B-B-BRRRR

CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA

JUST *BELIEVE* IN THE BUS. IF *WE'RE* CONFIDENT, THE BUS WILL BE, TOO.

I.... DON'T THINK THAT WILL *WORK,* ZAHIR.

I KNOW. I'M JUST BABBLING NONSENSE TO KEEP FROM GOING MAD DUE TO PANIC AND EXHAUSTION.

CHUGGIDA-CHUGGIDA

LOOK! THERE'S A *TOWN* UP AHEAD!

THEY'LL HAVE PHONES. AND GAS. AND HOPEFULLY WE'LL FIND SOME HELP!

RIGHT! IN THE MEANTIME -- *KEEP BELIEVING IN THE BUS!*

LÅNGSAN

POTATIS KORSAR

GRRRRRRAAAAUUUGHHH!

HOW *LONG* IS THIS RITUAL, DUDE? THE SUN SHOULD'VE COME UP *MULTIPLE* HOURS AGO.

LONG NIGHTS HERE, I GUESS. OF *COURSE,* IT *COULD* BE *SUPERNATURAL SHENANIGANS.*

YAH. OR *BOTH.*

WC

ENTOMBED DWARF

DRINKS

HMMM? HUH --?

W-WHAT'S GOING ON? MOM --?

WHOOOAAA...

CATCH YOU LATERRR, THEA AND BILLIE. ANND **DON'T WORRRY.** WE WILL **RESCUE** YOUR EXCELLENT FAMILIES.

WE LOVE YOU **ALLL. ALLWAAYSS REMEMBERRR!**

STATION!

B-THOOOM!

T-BOOOOM

I THOUGHT THEY WERE MAYBE MAKING TIME BOOTHS.

ME, TOO.

GAMES OR T.V. WHILE WE WAIT?

GAMES. THEY TOOK THE T.V.

YOU MUST ADMIT, TED, IT IS AN *IMPRESSIVE* STAGE SHOW. IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR *IMMINENT DEATH,* I'D *TOTALLY* BE ENJOYING THE EXPERIENCE.

YAH, THE *MURDEROUS* ASPECT IS *DEFINITELY* THE PART I HAVE ISSUES WITH.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE *GOAT'S* FOR?

DUNNO, DUDE. WHAT *ARE* GOATS FOR?

GRAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!

CRASSHHH

B-DUMM

BAMSH

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOO

WHOA. SOMETHING'S UP, DUDE. GETTING COLDER OUT HERE.

DEATH! *DUDE! WAKE UP!* IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING TOTALLY *WICKED* IS THIS WAY COMING!

GHOSTFACE KJELLER

AWAKEN, OH GREAT ONES OF THE FROZEN REALM! IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO WALK AGAIN! TO SPILL BLOOD AND RAISE HAVOC ALONGSIDE THOSE WHO CALL UPON YOU -- THE MESSIAHS OF THE ONE, TRUE METAL!

!

DOOM!

DOOM!

DO YOU HEAR THAT? THEY ARE COMING! THE VERY EARTH TREMBLES IN THEIR WAKE!

WELCOME, O GREAT WARRIORS AND HEROES, TO THE GREAT CAUSE!

DOOOM!

'EY, NOW! WHO THE HELL'S BEEN MAKIN' ALL THAT DAMN NOISE WHILE WE'RE TRYIN' TO SLEEP?

BIG BOY

UHHH, YEAH. THERE'S BEEN A BIT OF A MISUNDERSTANDING HERE. WE ASKED FOR *GODS. FROST GIANTS,* AT THE VERY LEAST.

YOU ARE *TROLLS.* SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU. YOU CAN GO HOME NOW.

WOKE US UP ANGRY!

WOKE US UP HUNGRY!

W-*WAIT!* WE ARE *ALLIES! THEY* ARE YOUR ENEMIES!

NAHHH! YOUSE IS *ALL INGREDIENTS!*

KLUDDOOOM

PORK AN' POULTRY, LADS! GRABS 'EM ALL FOR A STEW!

KRRUMMM

NO WAY! I THOUGHT TROLLS WERE *LITTLE HAIRY HIPPY DOLLS* WITH *CREEPY HYPNOTIC EYES!*

TRULY AN *EGREGIOUS MISREPRESENTATION* ON THE PART OF TOY MANUFACTURERS! I FEEL *TOTALLY LIED TO!*

SMASHH

TO THE SNOWMOBILES! HURRY, EVERYONE! BACK TO YOUR PARENTS' BASEMENTS!

C'MON, DUDES! WE GOTTA BAG A PAIR OF THOSE *SNOWMOBILES* IF WE WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WAIT FOR ME! I'M NOT USED TO RUNNING IN *BOOTS!*

DIBS! DIBS!

HOW *DARE* YOU?! *GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF!*

NO WAY, EMPEROR DUDE! HE CALLED *DIBS, FAIR AND SQUARE!*

THIS IS *MINE! MINE!* IT WAS A *BIRTHDAY GIFT!*

INGREDIENTS!

CHOOOM

WELL, WE *TRIED.* BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THIS IS *IT,* DUDES.

WHOA, DEATH! WHO'S GONNA *REAP US* IF YOU'RE OFF-DUTY?

AHH, THEY HIRED A TEMP. DON'T GET ME STARTED —

HONNNNNK

HEHH?

HONNNK

PLOWWWWW

WHOA! ANOTHER *EXCELLENT* CAVALRY!

HMM -- ? ARE WE THERE YET -- ?

JUST IN TIME! CUTTING *CROSS-COUNTRY* DID THE TRICK!

BUT THE SNOWCAT'S STUCK -- !

AAAAAGGGH!

ABANDON SHIP! I CAN GET THE *DEPOSIT* BACK IF THAT THING DOESN'T SMASH THE SNOWCAT!

BUT IT WON'T MATTER IF THE THREE OF *US* END UP DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR!

GREETINGS, LOVED ONES! THANKS FROM ALL OF US FOR THE *MOST TRIUMPHANT SAVE!*

FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, PLEASE USE *MAXIMUM LEG VELOCITY* AS YOU *EXIT* THE BATTLEFIELD!

BIG BOY

WHAT ON *EARTH ARE* THOSE THINGS?

TROLLS! AND THEY CAME FROM ***BENEATH*** THE EARTH!

AND *UNFORTUNATELY* THEY'RE NOT THE *ONLY* THING WE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT -- !

WHOAAA! THE EVIL DUDES THAT CANNOT BE NAMED!

AND THEIR PERPLEXING MYSTERY GOAT! RUN!

VRRBRRRM

NOWHERE TO *RUN*, DUDES!

NOWHERE TO *HIDE!* THIS IS *BAD!*

WORSE THAN BAD! EGREGIOUSLY BAD!

WHOA! LISTEN! HEAR THAT *ROARING SOUND?*

NOW WHAT? *DINOSAURS?*

WOOLLY MAMMOTHS?

ABOMINABLE SNOWDUDES?

OH. DOMICILE-LIKE HIGH-VELOCITY ROCKETS.

THAT LOOK SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE OUR-SELVES.

TRULY A *NEW* AND *MOST UNEXPECTED* WRINKLE.

FFFSHHHOOOMF

STATION!

WHOAA! OF COURSE! STATION!

WHAT'S UP WITH THE *FLYING HOUSES,* DUDES?

CHANK CLANK

STATION!

K-CHUNK K-CHUNK

VRRRRM VRRRRM

GRNNNK GRNNNK

NO WAY! MECHA BILL AND TED! TOTALLY ROBOTS IN DISGUISE!

WHOAAA! ROBOTS *INSIDE* ROBOTS IN DISGUISE! *EXCELLENT!*

OI! WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT BOG CAVE ARE THEM THINGS?

DON'T KNOW AN' DON'T CARE! LET'S CRACK 'EM OPEN AN' SEE WHAT WE GET!

FULLY RESPLENDENT MECHA-PUNCH!

POWW!

MOST TRULY TRIUMPHANT MECHA-CHOP!

THWAKK!

TOTALLY OUTSTANDING MECHA-KICK!

YEEEOWWK!

NON-NON-NON-NON-NONHEINOUS MECHA-SLAP!

YAAAAGH--!

KRUMMP

MUH TOOF!

GAH! THEM THINGS IS TOO MUCH FOR US! WE'LL NEED BACKUP TO SETTLE THIS PROPER!

YNGWIE! CALL OUT THE TROOPS!

HERRROOOOOB

RRRUMMBLE

NO WAY! LOOK AT THEM ALL COMING OUT OF THERE! WE'LL BE OVERRUN!

IF EVER WE NEEDED A FULLY MASSIVE SNOWBALL TO ROLL US OUT OF HERE --

MASSIVE SNOWBALL?

HA! ARE YOU DUDES THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

AVALANCHE! YES WAY!

CLEARLY WE'LL NEED MORE INTENSE AVALANCHE-INDUCING DECIBELS THAN EVEN THE FULL-ON METAL RITUAL PRODUCED!

STATIONS! CAN YOU MACGYVER UP THOSE AMPS FOR TRULY UNRIVALED SONIC IMPACT?

STATION!

KILL! EAT! KILL! EAT!

STATION!

EXCELLENT! IS EVERYBODY SET?

THEN LET'S DO THIS THING! LET'S ROCK, WYLD STALLYNS STYLE --

BRRWAAAANNNNGGGG

BRRWAAANNNGGAAAAG

?!?

BBBRRUMBBBLE

BBBRRUMBBBLE

YEEEYAAAAGH!

OI! IT'S A ROUT! RUN FOR THE HILLS! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

EXCELLENT! YES WAY! ALL THE WAY!

WHOOAAAA! WE DID IT! HA HA HA HA!

OOH. FORGOT ABOUT THEM.

SO. AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FROM THE FIRST. I AM FORCED TO KILL YOU ALL MYSELF.

HELLPOUNDER -- KILL THEM ALL!

YERP!

GET BACK! I WON'T LET YOU HARM MY FRIENDS!

HA HA HA HA! GO PLAY YOUR BASS, OLD MAN!

DEATH TO WYLD STALLIONS! AND DEATH TO FA --

SPAKK

SKKRRA-KRAAKK

OH... THIS ISN'T GOOD.

KRAKK-K-K-KRRUMMBLE

AAAGHHH!

OOPS. SORRY. DIDN'T KNOW *THAT* WOULD HAPPEN.

OH, WELL. *ENJOY YOUR TRIP!*

NOOOOO! THIS CAN'T BE! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!

PLEASE LET US GO! I CAN'T BE HERE! I HAVE A BREATHING PROBLEM!

I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE MANAGER!

DEATH.

TO FALSE.

METTLE.

KR-CHUNNK

AAAAGHHHHH!

WHOA! GREETINGS, DAMNED DUDES! WELCOME TO YOUR PERSONAL NIGHTMARE!

YAH! THE WYLD STALLYNS TOUR FOR ALL OF ETERNITY!

SO LET'S GET READY TO ROCK -- FOREVER!!!

WOOOO!!!

B-THOOOOM

CHOOOM

I'LL MISS THEM, BUT DID YOU SEE HOW *HAPPY* THEY WERE TO GO HOME?

YAH. AND THE ROBOTS CAN START A TOTALLY *NEW* MECHANICAL LIFE AND ALWAYS COUNT ON EXPERT REPAIRS AND UPKEEP!

ZAHIR, YOU *OKAY?*

I *THINK* SO. JUST PROCESSING. ALIENS, ROBOTS, TROLLS. AND... *GRIM* HERE.

JUST THINK OF ME AS A *BASSIST,* FRIEND. YOU'LL SLEEP EASIER.

WE'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THE TOUR. WHICH I GUESS WILL PUT US EVEN DEEPER IN... *ARREARS.*

PFFFFT! I THINK MY *ASSETS* ARE ALREADY FROZEN!

RIBALDRY *ASIDE,* DUDE -- I HAVE A *SERIOUS* FEELING *EVERY-THING'S* GONNA WORK OUT.

HOW COULD IT *NOT?* THERE'S A *SONG* IN OUR *HEARTS.* WE JUST HAVE TO GET IT INTO OUR *HEADS,* Y'KNOW?

TO THE ONE SONG!

THE ONE WYLD STALLYNS!

OUR MOST EXCELLENT FRIENDS AND FAMILY!

AND OF COURSE -- TO A TRULY *RESPLENDENT FUTURE!*

THE TRULY RESPLENDENT FUTURE.

-- THE PRESENT SEEMS TO HAVE TOTALLY STABILIZED, SO WE CAN MOVE AHEAD WITH THE NEW, FULLY HOLOGRAPHIC TURNTABLE.

GREAT NEWS, PROFESSOR. THANKS!

NO PROBLEM! TAKE CARE, RUFUS! LOVE TO THE FAMILY!

YOU MISS THEM, DON'T YOU, DAD?

PHONE

YEAH, KELLY. I DO.

MAYBE YOU'LL GET TO SEE THEM AGAIN.

YOU NEVER KNOW. NOT EXACTLY. WHO KNOWS, MAYBE ONE DAY *YOU'LL* MEET THEM.

WYLD STALLYNS

WHOAAAAA! *ME?* MEET THE GREAT ONES? *SERIOUSLY?*

JUST DON'T TELL YOUR MOM I SAID THAT, OKAY?

STATION!

PARTY ON, DUDES.

PHONE

PHONE

STAY *EXCELLENT* TO EACH OTHER.

YES WAY.

Bill & Ted Are Doomed #1 Variant by Roger Langridge

Bill & Ted Are Doomed #2 Variant by Tyler Crook

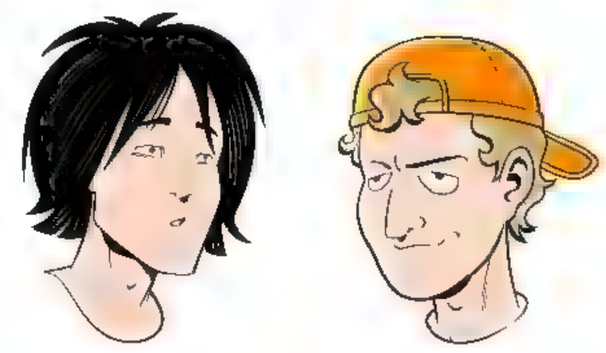
Bill & Ted Are Doomed #3 Variant by Veronica Fish

Bill & Ted Are Doomed #4 Variant by Benjamin Dewey

BILL & TED ARE DOOMED

SKETCHBOOK

NOTES BY
ROGER LANGRIDGE
AND EVAN DORKIN



These are some initial drawings I did for the studio to sign off on before I started working on the book. I wasn't sure what outfits to draw them in—the first round of drawings used their Excellent Adventure costumes—but I was asked to have them looking more like their Bogus Journey incarnations, so that's what we eventually went with. The amount of cartooniness went back and forth a bit before it settled down, too.

–ROGER LANGRIDGE

STATION

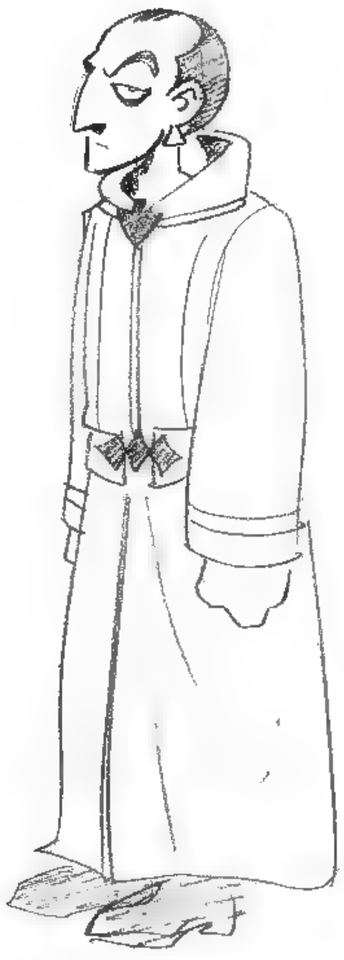
PROFESSOR QUAVERMASS

CLOTHES: BLACK AND WHITE — OCCASIONALLY BROKEN UP BY PINK TRIM

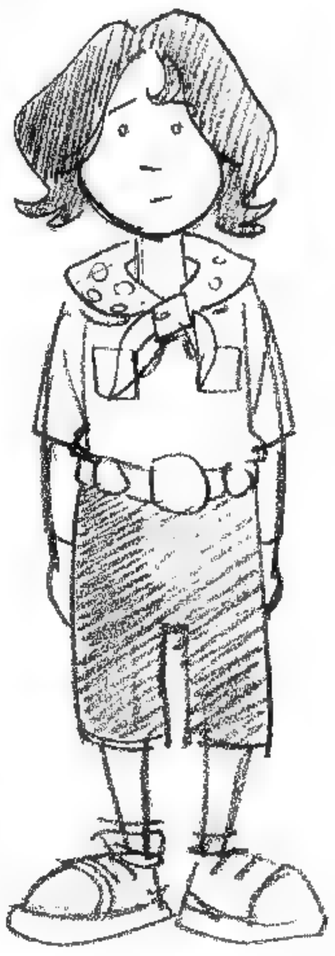
JOANNA (MRS BILL)

ELIZABETH (MRS TED)

THREE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE

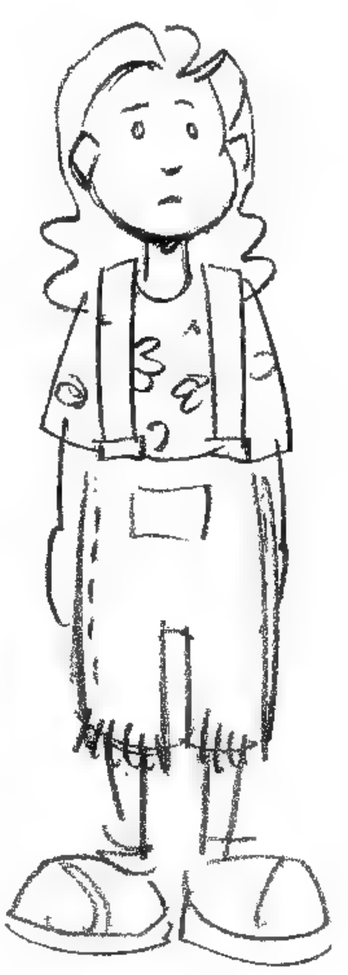


BILLIE



RUFUS

THEA



The drawings here were purely for my own reference. I was fairly new to the world of Bill and Ted, so I had these pinned above my drawing board as reminders of who everyone was and how they looked. Professor Quavermass was the only one I had to design from whole cloth, although I've only just noticed I seem to have ignored my own colour notes; everyone else was either based on their movie incarnations or (in the case of Billie and Thea) extrapolated from stills I found online.

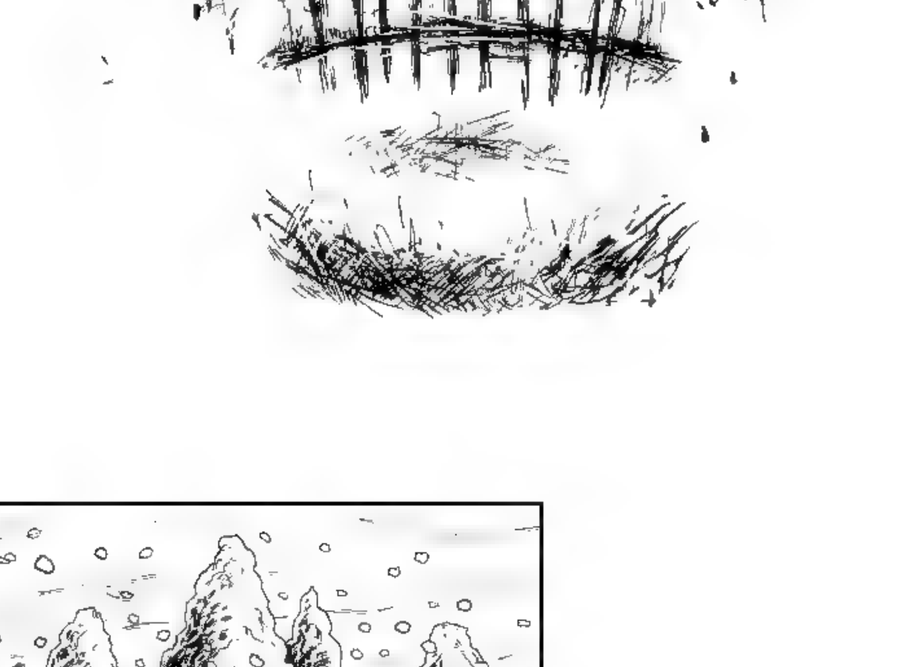
–ROGER LANGRIDGE

I sketched my cover ideas on 3" x 5" index cards to try to keep things simple. If I sketch bigger, I compulsively start adding too many details, which is what the penciling stage is for (ha ha).

–EVAN DORKIN

The skull dropped into the background on the first cover was a visual "doomed" cue as well as a nod to the skeletal Death I drew in the old Marvel Bill and Ted comics.

–EVAN DORKIN



These index card thumbnail sketches were done to pace things out and see if the beats worked on the page. I didn't send these to Roger, so it's interesting to compare how Roger and I each approached the page.

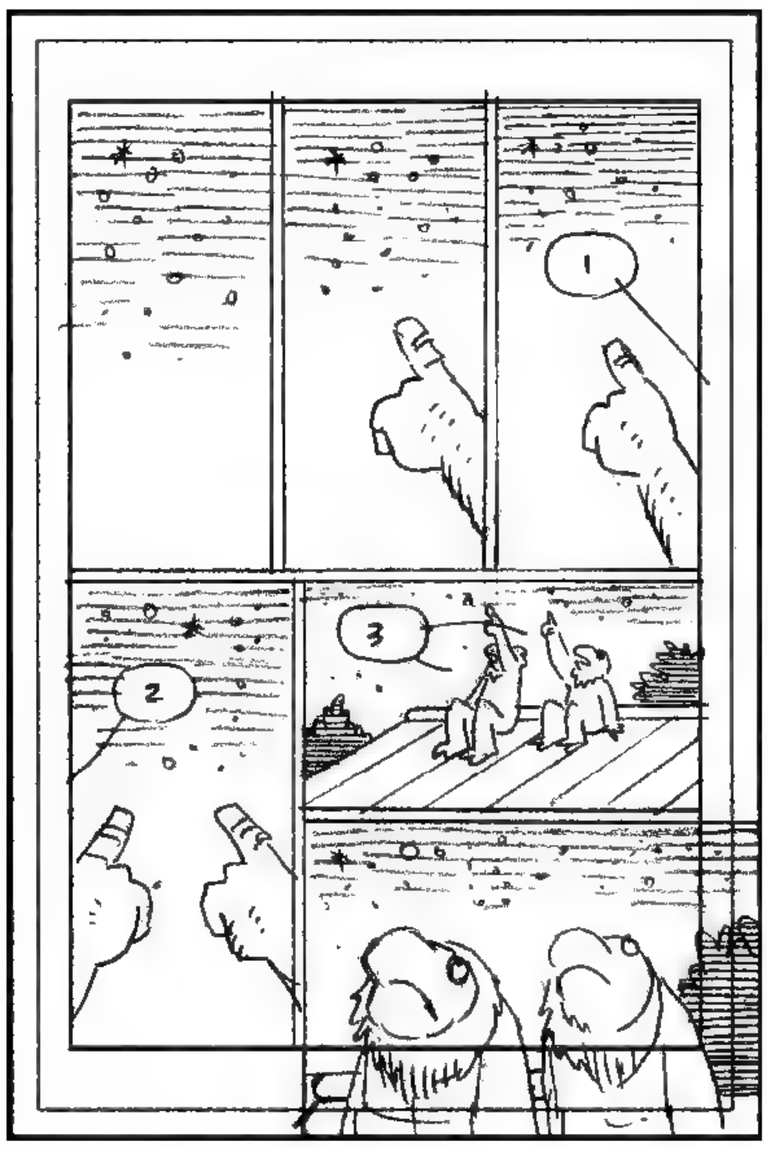
–EVAN DORKIN

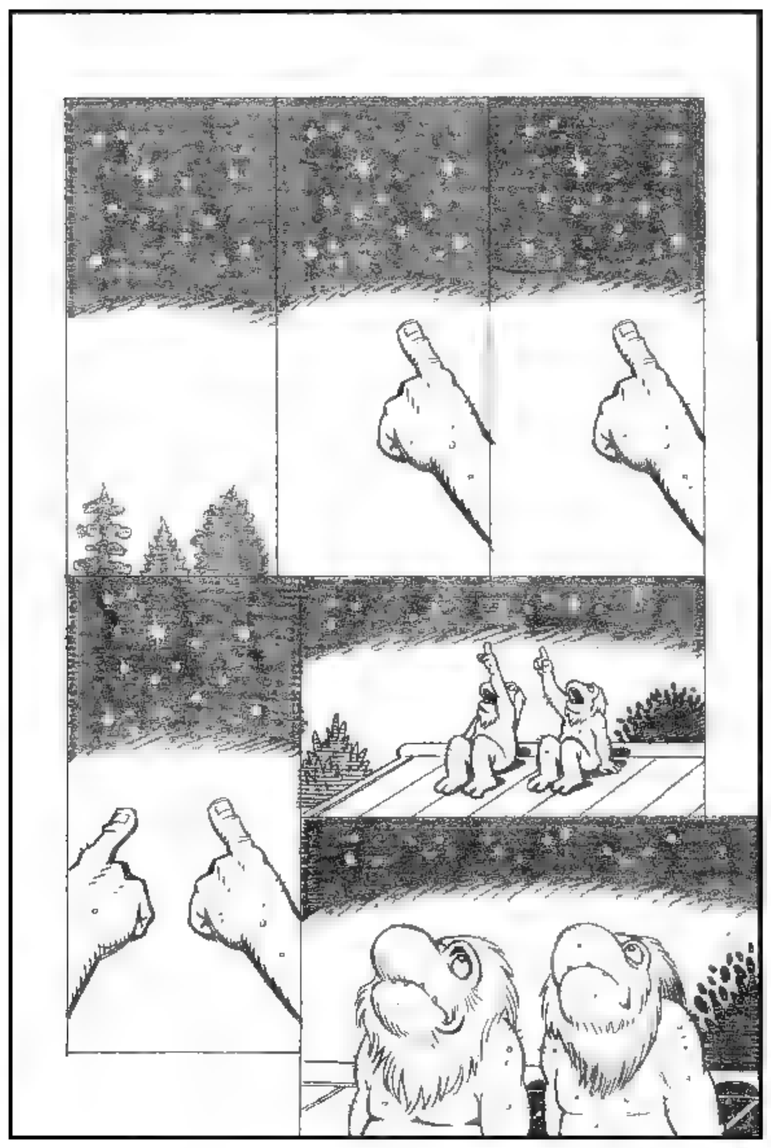
The other card is a basic "Bill and Ted speak" list I could refer to for dialog while writing/revising. If I needed to go off the list, I'd hit the thesaurus up for a word that I hoped sounded natural for them.

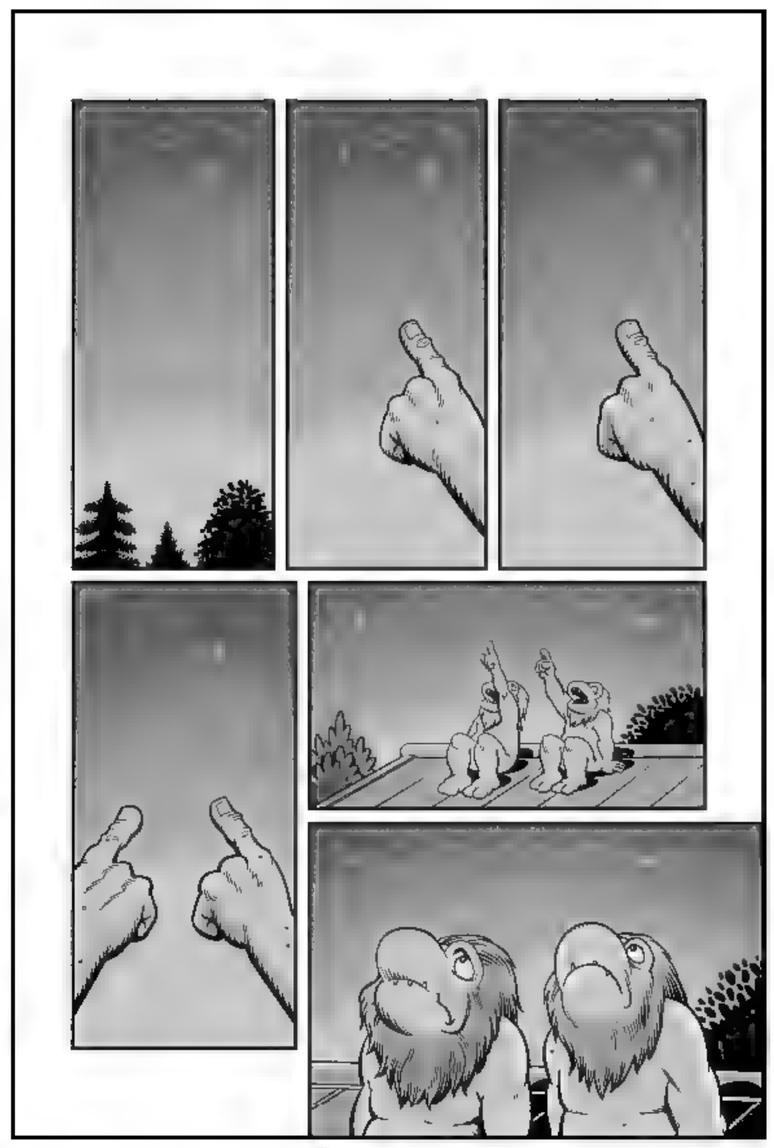
–EVAN DORKIN

A take on the last page of issue #2 with Vile Empire, and a doodle of Bill, Ted, and Death in Evil Metal incognito outfits and some stabs at dialogue. I wanted them to make up ridiculous "metal" names for themselves, but there wasn't room for the bit.

–EVAN DORKIN





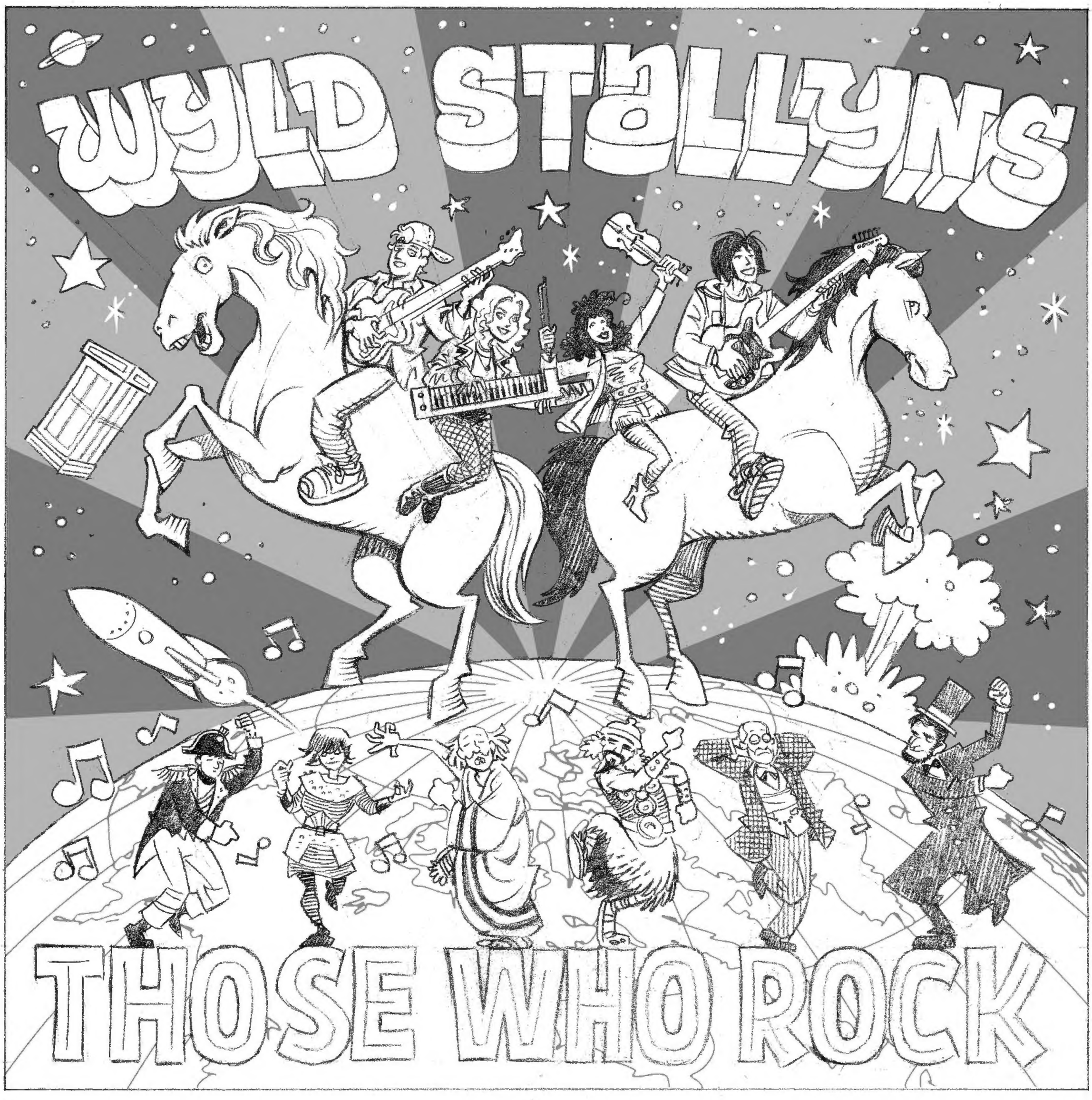


The evolution of a few pages, from initial thumbnail layouts (drawn about 2.5" x 3.75" on copier paper) to pencil art (also drawn on copier paper) to final "ink" art with gray tones (drawn digitally, over the scanned pencils). The idea of adding gray tones at the inking stage was to give me less to do at the coloring stage, which worked about 50% of the time. I'm sure I shaved off five minutes somewhere. It's fascinating to see Evan's own thumbnails, which I'm seeing here for the first time, both for their similarities and their differences from my own approach.

–ROGER LANGRIDGE

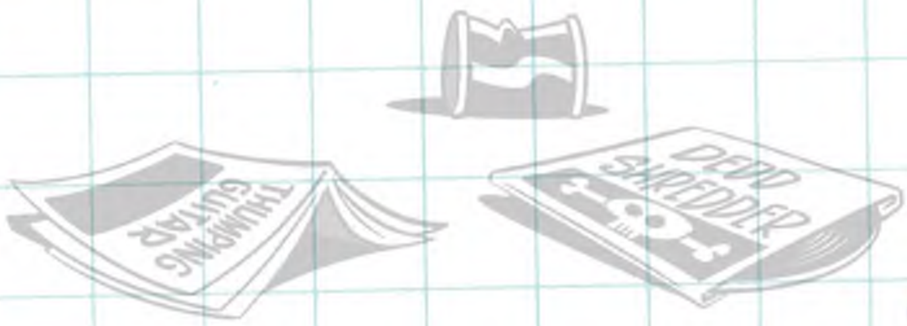
The montage panel here was fun—Evan's script essentially gave me a shopping list of stuff to work in to it, and I think I managed to get it all in without it seeming too cluttered or disjointed. It feels like a harmonious whole. And I like the fact that it shows the band actually having some fun and enjoying what they do, which we don't usually see a whole lot of.

–ROGER LANGRIDGE

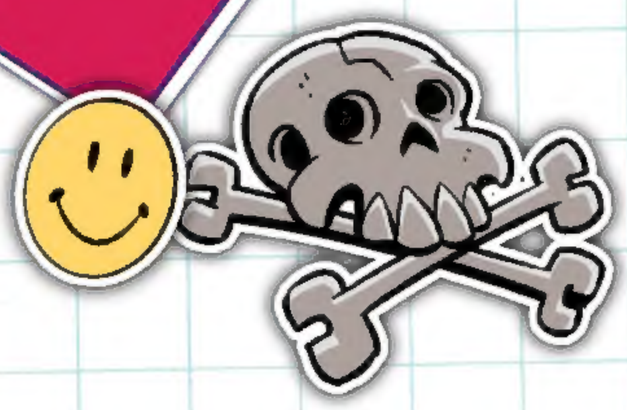


There was a brief moment when it looked as though a made-up Wyld Stallyns album cover drawn by me might end up in the opening sequence of the movie. I spent a few days of back-and-forth with the studio trying to come up with something they liked, but eventually it was decided that my style wasn't quite what they wanted after all. There's an album cover by another artist in the final movie, which is tonally more in line with what they were after. I'm still quite fond of the dancing historical figures along the bottom—they make me laugh—but it's probably far too much detail for something that would only flash across the screen for a second.

–ROGER LANGRIDGE



BILL & TED ARE DOOMED



A direct sequel to *Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey* and a prequel to *Bill & Ted Face the Music*!

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The band is losing favor with fans, and the future isn't shaping up as they were all led to believe it would from past (and future) events. The princesses are overwhelmed, Death threatens to quit the band as his growing ego has opened a rift, and the Stations live in their garage with their clunky creations Robot Bill and Ted who are creating lots of chaos. Desperate for a solution Bill and Ted burst in to announce their great idea to revive the band's fortunes: A world tour to spread the love–and the rock, and the love of the rock—to the world.

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